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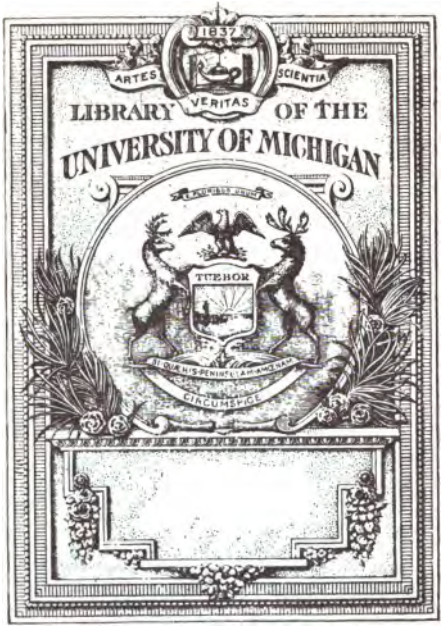

THE GIFT OF
Vashti D. Garwood

828
R19

THE UPLANDS OF GOD

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY THE COMPILER OF "THE CHANGED CROSS," "THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK," "THE CHAMBER OF PEACE," ETC.

Randolph, Anson D. F.

"God hath His uplands bleak and bare,
Where He doth bid us rest awhile."

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

THIS collection of Poems, selected and arranged by the compiler of "The Changed Cross," "The Shadow of the Rock," and "The Chamber of Peace," it is hoped will prove acceptable to those with whom the other volumes have so long been favorites.

The Poems have been largely gathered from the newspaper and the magazine, and the names of the authors, so far as they could be ascertained, will be found in the Index.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

THE UPLANDS OF GOD

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

THE UPLANDS OF GOD.

"Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place and rest awhile."

GOD hath His uplands bleak and bare,
Where He doth bid us rest awhile;
Crags, where we breathe a purer air,
Lone peaks that catch the day's first smile;
Earth's hurrying feet are far away;
Awe-struck we wait what God may say.

God hath His desert broad and brown,
A solitude—a sea of sand,
On which He lets Heaven's curtains down,
Unknit by His almighty hand.
By day a sapphire tent unfurls;
By night an arc of burning worlds.

Here doth He bid us muse and pray
Half-uttered, half-forgotten prayers;
Let thoughts expand, which yesterday
Were stifled by the world's rank cares;
Behind creation's throbbing screen
Catch movements of the great Unseen.

THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO mighty silences, two worlds unseen,
Over against each other lie;
Forever boundlessly apart have been,
Forever nigh.

In one is God Himself, and angels bright
Do congregate, and spirits fair;
And lost to sight in depths of mystic light,
Our dead dwell there.

All things that can not fade, nor fall, nor die,
Voices beloved and precious things foregone,
Float up and up, and in that silence high
With God grow one.

No barren silence, nay, but such as over
Lips that we love its spell may fling
Where tender words like nested swallows hover,
Ere they take wing.

Sometimes from that far land there comes a breeze,
Soft airs surprise us on our way,
A few drops from above; then on our knees
We fall and pray.

And oft on some low crimson coast of cloud
We deem we see its far-off strand;
Our hearts, like shipwrecked sailors, cry aloud
"The land! The land!"

And side by side, that other world unknown
Drenched in unbroken silence lies—
World of ourselves, where each one lives alone,
And lonely dies.

With our unuttered griefs, our joys untold,
Our multitudinous thoughts swift throng,
We dwell; one silence them and us doth fold
All our life long.

Out from those depths there comes a cry of pain:
"Ah, pitifully, Lord!" it calls,
"Behold the sorrows of our hearts!" and then
A silence falls.

Die down, die down, O thou tormented sea!
Suffer my silent world to fill
With voices from that land which call to me
"We love thee still."

In vain—I hear them not; but o'er my loss
Comes an apocalyptic voice:
"There shall be no more sea, and thou canst cross."
Rejoice! rejoice!

MY FAITH.

WHAT seemeth best I'll do,
With hope and courage too.
And if results shall show
The right I did not know,
'Twill still be right for me,
Through all eternity.

Disaster, pain, and care
Shall find me grounded there,
In perfect faith and trust.
So whether bread or crust,
Smooth sea or sailing rough,
God knows, and that's enough.

HE CARETH.

WHAT can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim.
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music and happy psalms
And bliss unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble, and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to silent prayers—
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadow hangs over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the Universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above!
He fights for me when I can not fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that brought me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;

Our Father stooped from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

MY WAY.

THEY told me of the way
That I must go;
Whether t'was long or short
They did not know.

I did not listen then,
Nor understand,
Until my Father came
And took my hand.

"I am thy guide," He said;
"Leave all with Me."
And so I went with Him
All trustingly.

And now we journey on,
Day after day,
I have no need of care;
He knows the way.

My sandals are His strength;
And His great love
The staff that helps me toward
The home above.

He holds my hand in His:
How can I fear?
It is not hard to trust
While He is near.

I do not know how long
The way will be;
I only know it is
The best for me.

And when no longer here
He bids me roam,
I shall behold with joy
My Father's home.

"ONLY AN EARTHEN VESSEL."

THE Master stood in His garden
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway
Empty, and frail, and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me;
It is small, but it is empty,
And that is all it needs to be,"

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again he filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again.
And the Master saw, with pleasure,
That His labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But He *used the earthen vessel*
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day he may use me
To water His flowers again."

AT EVENING-TIME.

THE light fades out of calméd sea,
Dark shadows scar its lustrous breast;
Flushed, like the petal of a flower,
The white sail melts into the west.

Far o'er the blue the weary winds
Have winged their flight, and swell no more
The waves' sad music o'er the shrill
Of ripples on the pebbly shore.

Rest comes at last! o'er purple hills
The silvery sheep-bell tinkles clear,
Slowly the lowing kine descend
The homeward paths, and on the ear

Ring joyous echoes from afar
As reapers lay their sickles by.
Then all sound dies and land and sea
Sleep calmly 'neath a silent sky,

Rest comes at last! O weary heart,
Fevered and fainting, racked by care,
And toiling 'neath thy earthly cross
Too great for mortal strength to bear.

Take courage—faint not, but endure!
  Soon shalt thou say, "The day is past!"
At eventide the end shall come,
  And bring the quiet rest at last.

NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.

NO one knows how sinful I am;
  No one knows but Jesus.
No one knows how repentant I am;
  No one knows but Jesus.
No one knows how glad I would be,
From sin and sorrow and death to flee,
Finding light, joy, and heaven in Thee,
  My ever gracious Jesus.

No one knows the resolves I make,—
  No one knows but Jesus,—
To be meek and mild for His dear sake;
  No one knows but Jesus.
No one knows how oft and again
My feeble attempts seem all in vain,
I succeed in naught but giving pain
  To patient, loving Jesus.

No one knows how sincerely I pray,—
  No one knows but Jesus,—

To increase in grace each coming day:
No one knows but Jesus.
No one knows how my sinful heart
Prevents my choosing the better part,
Making me suffer from sin's sore smart—
No one knows but Jesus.

No one knows what comfort I find,—
No one knows but Jesus,—
In calling His precious words to mind
No one knows but Jesus.
No one but Jesus can ever know
The "inner life" of all below.
Whate'er we hide, whate'er we show,
Is only known to Jesus.

"*I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME.*"

Isaiah xliii. 1.

NOT as a speck revolving through limitless realms of space;
Not as an atom lying in some dim and darksome place;
But as myself He knows me, and will keep me throughout this year,
My Guide when I grope in darkness, my Strength when I faint with fear.

Not as a pebble in ocean, tossed chancewise up by the tide,
One moment bathed in sunlight, when a toy in its darkening pride;
No prey to a world's caprices, but undimmed amid its night,
Girt round by the calm and blessing of perfect Infinite Light.

Not as a something somewhere, hurrying on through life.
With sometimes a cry heard faintly as it wearily sinks in the strife;
Though at times I have almost thought it, and fancied my God was afar,
He has risen above my darkness, and lit my night with his star.

As myself and not as another, knowing my voice so well;
Yea; knowing my inmost wishes and the thoughts that I could not tell;
So holy, I bow before Him; so good that to none but Him,
I could tell my deepest longings, and the doubts that are strange and dim.

From the Rainbow Throne of Glory I see Him bend to me;
I know that the God of ages is working g'oriously;

And I hear the great Creator, whose angels are a flame,
Say to a child of Adam, "I have called thee by thy name."

MARTHA.

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must serve!
Not all with tranquil heart,
Even at Thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must bear
The burden of the day,
Its labor and its heat,
While others at Thy feet
May muse and pray!

Yea, Lord!—Yet some must do
Life's daily task-work; some
Who fain would sing must toil
Amid earth's dust and moil,
While lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord!—Yet man must earn,
And woman bake, the bread;

And some must watch and wake
Early, for others' sake,
  Who pray instead!

Yea, Lord!—Yet even Thou
  Hast need of earthly care.
I bring the bread and wine
To Thee, a guest divine—
  Be this my prayer!

BY NIGHT AND BY DAY.

IN the hush that falls at midnight
  When the earth lies blind and dumb,
When closed are labor's eyelids,
  And stilled its daily hum;
When the stars above seem living,
  And the world beneath seems dead,
With a brooding silence o'er it
  Like angels' wings outspread;
When the fevered pulse grows quiet,
  And the aching head knows rest,
And the world lies softly cradled
  Upon God's pitying breast;
Then, like a fretful infant
  That cries when the light is dim,
With the darkness all about me,
  My soul cries out for Him,

And I sometimes grope for a moment
In the dim, dark land of Doubt,
But my Beloved seeks me,
And gently bears me out.
And I know by my tranquil spirit
I am lying on His breast,
And He gives me in the darkness
A sense of perfect rest!

And when the jubilant morning
Flings gilded banners out,
And marches forth triumphant
To the voice of them that shout;
When the garments of rest and quiet
Are folded and put away,
And again I take the armor
That befits the stirring day;
And when morning's dewy freshness
Is dried in noon-tide heat,
And I press the dusty highway
With tired and lagging feet;
I should surely faint and falter,
But the clasp of a strong right hand,
And the print of a guiding footstep
In the hot and heavy sand,
Are the tokens of His presence
In daylight's din and glare,
And I know by my freshened spirit
That I am still His care.

And through the long day's bustle,
Till all its tumult cease,
He gives me every moment
A sense of perfect peace.

MY SHEPHERD.

"HE leadeth me!"
And so I need not seek my own wild way
Across the desert wild;
He knoweth where the soft, green pastures lie,
Where the still waters glide,
And how to reach the coolness of their rest
Beneath the calm hillside.

"He leadeth me!"
And though it be by rugged, weary ways
Where thorns spring sharp and sore.
No pathway can seem strange or desolate
Where Jesus "goes before."
His gentle shepherding my solace is,
And gladness yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"
I shall not take one needless step through all,
In wind, or heat, or cold;

And all day long He sees the peaceful end
Through trials manifold.
Up the fair hillside, like some sweet surprise,
Waiteth the quiet fold.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

IN the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,
Where the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that can not fail;
I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;
I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;
That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace;

In the darkest night of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear;
  That faith is truer than doubt;
And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
  Have the universe on their side;
And that somewhere beyond the stars,
  Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars,
  I shall see Him—and I will wait

NOT WORTHY, BUT WILLING.

NOT worthy, O Lord, of Thy pardon,
  Not fit to partake of Thy grace;
Not worthy, my Saviour, but longing
  To live in the light of Thy face.
Not worthy to cling to the promise
  Of cleansing and healing divine,
But eager to come at Thy bidding
  And claim all Thou givest as mine.

It is not because I have asked Thee—
  Tho' thou hast encouraged my prayer—
But Thou, who dost love me, hast offered
  My sins and my sorrows to bear.

God offered and I have accepted
The cleansing, the joy, and the light,
And into my life there is flowing
A wonderful beauty and might.

Still higher, as onward I journey,
My will rises toward Thine own;
For God has accepted a sinner
And I have accepted a throne.
There never was soul so unworthy,
To meet with compassion like Thine;
That I should be heir to a kingdom,
And God, the eternal, be mine!

Not worthy, but willing to praise Thee
With jubilant spirit and breath!
Not worthy, but longing to triumph
O'er sin and temptation and death.
Then crown me, O Christ, with Thy merit,
For all undeserving I am
To learn, with the anthem of Moses,
Its chorus, the song of the Lamb.

OPEN IMMEDIATELY.

THE certainest, surest thing I know,
Whatever, what else, may yet befall
Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,
Is the truth that is fatefullest far of all,

That the Master will knock at my door some night
And there, in the silence hushed and dim,
Will wait for my coming with lamp alight,
To open immediately to Him.

I wonder if I, at His tap shall spring
In eagerness up, and cross the floor
With rapturous step, and freely fling,
In the murk of the midnight, wide the door?
Or will there be work to be put away?
Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
Or something that craves too much delay
To open immediately to Him!

Or shall I with whitened fear grow dumb
The moment I hear the sudden knock,
And, startled to think He hath surely come,
Shall falter and fail to find the lock,
And keep Him so waiting, as I stand,
Irresolute, while my senses swim,
Instead of the bound with outstretched hand,
To open immediately to Him!

If this is the only thing foretold
Of all my future—then, I pray,
That quietly watchful, I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day

Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway may I rise without a fear,
And open immediately to Him!

SUNSET WITH CLOUDS.

THE earth grows dark about me,
But Heaven shines clear above,
As daylight slowly melts away
With crimson light I love;
And clouds, like floating shadows,
Of every form and hue,
Hover around its dying couch,
And blush a bright adieu.

Like fiery forms of angels,
They throng around the sun—
Courtiers that on their monarch wait,
Until his course is run,
From him they take their glory;
His honor they uphold;
And trail their flowing garments forth,
Of purple, green, and gold.

Oh, bliss to gaze upon them.
From this commanding hill,
And drink the spirit of the hour.
While all around is still;

While distant skies are opening,
And stretching far away,
A shadowy landscape dipp'd in gold,
Where happier spirits stray.

I feel myself immortal,
As in yon robe of light,
The glorious hills and vales of Heaven
Are dawning on the sight;
I seem to hear the murmur
Of some celestial stream;
And catch the glimmer of its course
Beneath the sacred beam.

And such, methinks with rapture,
Is my eternal home—
More lovely than this passing glimpse—
To which my footsteps roam;
There's something yet more glorious
Succeeds this life of pain;
And, strengthened with a mightier hope,
I face the world again.

"*BE STILL.*"

SPEAK to the tossing tempests of the soul,
Thou who upon the waves of Galilee
Bade the wild waters bow to Thy control,
And sink to softest ripples, instantly.

Look with Thy pitying eyes, O Friend most true,
  Upon these human hearts so deeply stirred;
Hush their tumultuous passions, and subdue
  With "peace, be still," each stormy thought or
    word.

Swift o'er the waters be Thy message sent
  To quell the crested billows of our pride;
Still the wild tossing of our discontent,
  Bid the loud breakers of our fear subside.

Quell the impatient moanings of distrust,
  The whirling vortex of our daily care;
Hush the fierce winds, which tell in fearful gust
  The story of our hate or our despair.

Breathe o'er our sorrows, as they beat and roll,
  Wave over wave, and heed our sinking cry;
And may Thy gracious whisper reach the soul
  Amid those whelming waters—"It is I."

Master, awake! speak Thou the instant word,
  And bow our troubled spirits at Thy will;
Each surging billow, when its wrath is stirred,
  O'ersweep with Thy high mandate—"Peace, be
    still."

A M E N.

I CAN not say,
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way,
If Him it please.

I can not feel
That all is well, when darkening clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then I know
He lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I can not speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly through the mystery,
His hand above!

I do not know
Where falls the seed that I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below,
Sometime, somewhere!

I do not look
Upon the present, nor in Nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's Holy Book;
And I can wait.

I may not try
To keep the hot tears back—but hush that sigh,
"It might have been,"
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond "Amen!"

"IN DUE SEASON."

THE harvest fields lie bleak and brown,
Beneath the winter snows;
There is no breath of violet,
No fragrance of the rose;
Of birds or brooks no roundelays—
O weary days!

Yet somewhere, in her sweet content,
Spring waits God's loving call,
And sets her buds, unquestioning,
Since He is over all:
Beneath the snows that fall to-day
Sleep blooms of May.

O patient souls, storm-beat and driven,
And robbed by wintry blast,
Who hold, through all God's chastening,
His promises so fast—
Or soon or late His love shall bring
Eternal spring!

AT THE KING'S GATE.

MORNING by morning to his gates I came,
Taking my portion from his liberal store,
Glad of my crumbs, and asking for no more.
Scarcely my lips their stammering thanks could frame;
For what was I that I should think to claim
Such audience from the King, whose good ran o'er
To fill each empty soul that sought his door,
And with the blessing spake no word of blame?
But if, some morn, his angel-guards had cried:
"The King hath nothing for thy needs to-day,
Since from thy desert life no flowers unfold,
And all thy fields lie barren, far and wide,"

I should have said, and humbly gone my way:
"He is the King, to give or to withhold."
Swift from the shining presence entered One
With spotless robes, of pearl and lilies wrought.
I know not if He spake, or if the thought
Grew in His smile, as blossoms in the sun:
"Why should'st thou come, O child, as beggars come,
Who take the gift, but count the love for naught?
This is thy Father's house. For thee He sought,
Waiting thy coming till the day was done.
He careth for thee. Ask for large supplies,
Put on the robe and ring, and cast away
Thy garments stained with tears, with sin defiled;
And if His wisdom all thy prayer denies,
Secure in love, look up and trusting say:
'He is the King, yet am I still His child.'"

A TANGLED SKEIN.

MY life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God holds still the thread;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain and woof be wed.

One weary night, when years went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
  In grief unnamed, untold;
But when at last the morning's light
Broke on my vision pure and bright,
  There gleamed a cloth of gold!

And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may,—and weave I must,—
  That God doth hold the thread;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day;
  What more, then, can be said?

THE SECOND COMING,

HE will come perhaps at morning,
  When to simply live is sweet,
When the arm is strong, unwearied
  By the noonday toil and heat;
When the undimmed eye looks tearless
  Up the shining heights of life,
And the eager soul is panting,
  Yearning for some noble strife.

He will come perhaps at noontide,
  When the pulse of life throbs high,
When the fruits of toil are ripening,
  And the harvest time is nigh;

Then through all the full-orbed splendor
Of the sun's meridian blaze,
There may shine the strange new beauty
Of the Lord's transfigured face.

He will come perhaps at evening,
Gray and sombre is the sky,
Clouds around the sunset gather,
Full and dark the shadows lie;
When we long for rest and slumber,
And some tender thoughts of home
Fill the heart with vague, sad yearning,
Then perhaps the Lord will come.

If He only find us ready,
In the morning's happy light,
In the strong and fiery noontide,
Or the coming of the night;
If He only find us waiting,
Listening to His sudden call,
Then His coming when we think not,
Is the sweetest hope of all.

"*HE LEADETH ME.*"

Psalm xxviii.

IN "pastures green?" Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright

Only for this: I know He holds my hand;
So, whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

Beside "still waters?" No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this, where'er the pathway lead
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me, I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

THE SOUL'S PEACE.

MY soul is resting in God's peace,
Without a care or fear;
The tumults of my bosom cease,
For Christ my Lord is here.

The Spirit poureth from on high
A sanctifying tide;
And, bathing in its stream of joy,
My soul is satisfied.

He driveth curious doubts away;
He giveth child-like faith;
And so I take the yea or nay,
Just as my Saviour saith.

I have not other wish to be
Than what my Lord ordains;
So what He knoweth best for me
That be my richest gains.

A spirit meek and quieted
Is better than a crown;
How rich the blessing on the head
That Jesus sendeth down!

Here in His banquet-house I bide,
His banner o'er me, Love,

And wait the coming eventide
Of perfect peace above.

THE LADDER.

FAST and vigil, alms and prayer,
These the penitential stair
Leading slowly, day by day,
Up the toilsome heavenward way.

Following these I thought to be
Always near, dear Lord, to Thee!
Now, alas! Thou knowest all;
Fruitless strife and frequent fall!

Trust of self, or selfish aim,
Toil unhallowed by Thy name,
Envy, pride—oh, make me know
What has laid Thy servant low!

By this same unchanging stair—
Fast and vigil, alms and prayer—
Following Thee Thy saints have passed
To victorious peace at last.

. . . . . .

None the less, dear Lord, I know
Worse than vain each step I go
If Thou art not at my side
To prevent, uphold and guide.

Take in Thine my trembling hand;
Give me grace and strength to stand;
Once again I will essay
At Thy word the heavenward way.

Oh, for courage not to faint!
Oh, for silence from complaint!
Oh, for patience to forbear,
Love to conquer, faith to dare!
. . . . . .
Naught I *can* do, or have done;
If I win 'tis Thou hast won;
Putting all my trust in Thee
Now my ladder's worth I see.

PEACE.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the Son of God,
"Peace! it is I!"

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!

Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith the Light of light,
"Peace! it is I!"

Jesus, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper—O Truth of truth!—
"Peace! it is I!"

FULLNESS OF BLESSING.

NO lack in Him "in whom all fullness dwells";
Oh, music sweet, like chime of evening bells.
All fullness is in Him, and all for us,
Oh, wondrous grace that He hath loved us thus,
As to provide in Christ for all our need!
Oh, this is joy unspeakable indeed!

His precious blood to cleanse from every sin,
Himself to reign our wayward hearts within;
His perfect righteousness our souls to clothe,
His power to crush in us the sins we loathe,

Taught by His Spirit, or we'd love them still;
O Lord, accomplish in us all Thy will.

Oh, empty us of self, the world, and sin,
And then in all Thy fullness enter in;
Take full possession, Lord, and let each thought
Into obedience unto Thee be brought;
Thine is the power, and Thine the will, that we
Be wholly sanctified, O Lord, to Thee.

Accomplish all Thy will again we pray,
Work in us mightily from day to day;
Take full possession, Lord; we yield the whole;
Oh, sanctify our body, spirit, soul!
Oh, shed thy light within, that we may be
As shining lights in this dark world for Thee.

Forgive the past: yea, Lord, Thou dost forgive;
Henceforth for Thee alone we long to live;
Constrained by love we yield ourselves to Thee,
Thy love, dear Lord, has won the victory;
Kept by Thy grace, upholden by Thy power,
Enable us to serve Thee hour by hour.

And when we see Thee in the realms above,
How much we'll praise Thee for Thy wondrous love;
Adoring, fall at Thy beloved feet,
Adoring, raise thine eyes to meet;
"Worthy the Lamb," for ever we shall sing,
All praise to Thee, our Lord, Redeemer, King.

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

"FOLLOW thou me!"
The way is rough and I am weak;
How shall I know the Lord I seek?
"Follow thou me!"

"Follow thou me!"
Wilt Thou relieve from nameless fears,
From press of care and weight of years?
"Follow thou me!"

"Follow thou me!"
I bring Thee neither worth nor pelf;
I give Thee—wilt Thou take?—myself.
"Follow thou me!"

I follow Thee!
Oh, loving Lord! this hand of mine,
Submissively I place in Thine.
I follow Thee,

UNGRANTED PRAYER.

FOR all Thy gifts to me, my gracious Lord,
My heart outpours its wonted thanks to-day;
But now there comes an unaccustomed word,
Falling from lips unused such words to say;

More than for all Thy gifts, most rich, most fair,
To-day I thank Thee for ungranted prayer!

Ungranted prayer! I cried to Thee for health,
  Then lay on bed of pain for untold hours;
Ungranted prayer! I prayed to Thee for wealth
  For one I loved; and still with all his powers
Of thought and will he fights with sordid care;
And yet I thank Thee for ungranted prayer!

Thou wouldst not give me health; but then the
    pain
  Brought an enforced silence in my life
When, freed from its strong restlessness and
    strain,
  I felt Thy love, forgotten in the strife.
Stillness of darkened room! Thou camest there!
My Lord! I thank Thee for ungranted prayer!

Thou hast not given him wealth; not the success
  Which seems his due. Bitter to see him passed
By men whose courage, strength, are so much less;
  But one learns fast through failure, oh, so fast!
Ah! when I see him grown so strong to bear,
I thank Thee, too, for this ungranted prayer!

Ungranted prayer! With all my being's might
  I cried to Thee one weary year ago,

To save my darling's life; through dark, sad night
I watched her breathing grow more faint, more slow,
Until it ceased; oh, wildness of despair!
Oh, desolation of unanswered prayer!

And yesterday beside her grave I stood.
The grass, the flowers were blackened by the cold;
The dreary wind moaned through the leafless wood;
The world looked very gray, and tired and old,
I thought—my darling knows a kinder air,
And thanked Thee even for that ungranted prayer!

Ungranted prayer! The mother draws her child
Back from the poisonous flowers, the gaudy prize,
But fills his hands with roses sweet and wild,
With treasures safe his longing satisfies;
So I should fear to pray, but for God's care,
Which gives me better gifts than granted prayer.

THE PILOT.

MY bark is wafted on the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who was known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale,
I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land! safe to the land
The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

HATH MADE US KINGS.

Revelation i. 6.

MADE me a king, whose life's drear worthlessness
Had crushed me with a burden of despair?
Made me a king, whose days' sad uselessness
Seemed little worth the strength they cost to bear?
And I am crowned? Oh, wondrous, wondrous thing!
Christ's love has crowned me, and has made me king!

I am a king! no more a hopeless slave
Dragging my heavy chain in weary round!
I am a king! my heart grows strong and brave,
Life's meaning and its beauty have I found!
Wake up, dull heart! dumb voice, exultant sing!
Christ's blood has washed me, and has made me king!

Has made me king! Now in my new estate
What duties must I do, what honors bear?
More than all men the king must feel the weight
Of constant self-restraint, of watchful care;
Beneath his firm control his passions bring,
And rule himself, if he would be a king!

Has made me king! Great difficulties throng
About my path, and covert danger lies
Around. A king should trample on the wrong,
And over circumstance undaunted rise!
Away! ye doubts and fears that round me cling!
I know no hindrance, since I am a king!

Has made me king! And royalty must give
With lavish hand! *Largesse! largesse!* they cry
Who follow regal steps; if I would live
Right kingly, help to none must I deny;
Love, faith, hope, tenderness, the gifts I bring;
Noblesse oblige! I will give like a king!

RESOLUTION.

IF you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart, lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it.

THE SKEIN WE WIND.

IF you and I, to-day,
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where
they will—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come, and stoop
to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,

Beginning where we stopped; if it should come
to keep
Our life-work going; seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctively made yours, or mine,
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true or false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts
Itself that we look up to it, or down,
As to a crown
To bow before, and we weave threads
Of different lengths and thickness—some mere
shreds—
And wind them round
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting at the task
To ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.

No hand but winds some thread;
It can not stand quite still till it is dead,
But what it spins and winds a little skein.
God made each hand for work—not toil-stain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If love should come,
Stooping above when we are done,

To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer—
find but shreds
That break when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for woe.

AT SET OF SUN.

IF we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard
One glance, most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then we may count this day well spent.

But if through all the life-long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing, that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

SOUL LONGINGS.

IF Thou wert here to-night, dear Lord,
I'd bring to Thee with heart outpoured
The sin I vainly strive to bear,
And kneeling low at Thy blest feet
Would leave it there.

Yet Thou art with Thy people still,
To share their joy and suit their ill
To their small strength. O wilt Thou hear
My prayer, and let me feel and know
That Thou art near?

My faith is weak, and yet I know
That if Thy love should will it so,
I need not see one ray of light
Upon my path. If Thou dost lead
All must be right.

But still the way seems steep and rough,
To know Thou'rt near is not enough;
I long to feel Thy loving hand
Stretched out to hold me ere I sink—
Too weak to stand.

Darker the road, the burden grown
Too great for me to bear alone:

I sink beneath its weight and cry
"My strength is weakness; Lord, wilt Thou
Save, or I die?"

E'en while I cry a heavenly light
Breaks through the darkness of the night,
And Thy voice whispers in my ear
"Thy poor weak faith hath hidden Me,
But I am here."

I know my weakness, and I dare
No more to lift the load of care,
But come all penitent to Thee,
Knowing that Thou the heavy cross
Wilt bear for me.

O Christ, dear Christ! wilt Thou forgive
My unbelief? Help me to live
In Thy strong love, thus shall I be
In hours of joy and woe alike
Kept close to Thee.

GOING HOME.

HEIMGANG! So the German people
Whisper, when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death's familiar tale to tell;

When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting surges,
"*Heimgang!*" Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey toward "God's Acre"—
"*Heimgang!*" Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary;
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave;
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"*Heimgang!*" We are going home!

LOOKING BEYOND.

I STAND amid the wreck of years—the scowl
of stormy skies,
And look beyond the coasts of time where
Aiden's summits rise;

I note the sheen of pearly gates, the glint of
golden spires,
And flash of wondrous domes aflame with God's
celestial fires;
I mark the blue of cloud-capped hills, the bloom
of valleys fair,
Where deathless summer smiling flings her ban-
ner on the air;
O starry goal! O Beulah land! O rest forever-
more!
Come loss, come cross, so I but gain that bright,
eternal shore.

On Life's dark sea my wayward bark a devious
track hath made!
Athwart her path dense clouds have rolled, and
lurid lightnings played;
Rocked in the lap of warring waves,—tossed on
the billows high;
The mild moan of the swift-wing'd gale her
sounding lullaby.
But hark! the cheering voice of hope,—"Trim,
trim thy sails anew!"
God's love hath pierced the ebon shades, and
Heaven is smiling through!
O starry goal! O Beulah land! O rest forever
more!
Come loss, come cross, so I but gain that bright,
eternal shore!

Once more the shifting helm I grasp with courage firm and high;
On Truth's unerring beacon light once more I fix my eye;
Foam, surges, foam! roll, billows, roll! His hand shall guide me through
To home, sweet home, beyond the tide, in yonder distant blue;
There I shall furl my tattered sails, safe anchored in the bay,
No more to dare the vengeful gale nor maddened billows' play:
O starry goal! O Beulah land! O rest forevermore!
Come loss, come cross, so I but gain that bright, eternal shore.

And thou, companion bark, that time hath drifted to my side,—
Frail, weak, yet fearless wanderer upon the waters wide,—
Blest be thy sure and steadfast course. A joy hath proved to me
The glimmer of thy pilot sails upon the surging sea.
I follow in thy snowy wake, and trust thy heedful eye,
That shapes our course where angel hands shall crown us by and by.

O starry goal! O Beulah land! O rest forever-
more!
Come loss, come cross, so we but gain that bright,
eternal shore!

SO MUCH TO ASK FOR.

SO much, so much my heart is like a fountain,
Forever filling, and yet never full,
Receiving hourly increase from the mountain,
Yet ever thirsting for the water cool.
And thus my heart, O Lord, receives its store,
Forever taking while it asks for more.

So much, so much my heart is like the children,
Forever taking gifts from mother's hand,
Forever taking with a smile unbidden,
As "Give us more," they earnestly demand,
And thus my heart, O Lord, receives its store,
Forever taking while it begs for more.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load!

When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And mine eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tenderest love—
"I am coming soon to take thee
To My happy home above."

Ah, this is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see;
And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me!
He gave His life a ransom
To make me all His own;
And He can't forget His promise
To me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will wile away the time;
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,

It only sets me longing
To know Him more and more.

I can not live without Him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food.
He's altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare—
The Chief among ten thousand,
The fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient
And mourn His long delay,
I never can be settled
While He remains away;
But we shall not long be parted,
For I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine.
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions" be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He shall talk with me.

NIGHTFALL.

LIE still, O heart!
Crush out thy vainness and unreached desires.
Mark how the sunset fires,
Which kindled all the West with red and gold,
Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow
Of the receding day, whose tale is told.
Stay, stay thy questionings; what wouldst thou know,
O anxious heart?

Soft is the air;
And not a leaflet rustles to the ground
To break the calm around.
Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;
The world is full of flowers even yet.
Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest.
Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;
Day is for care.

Now, turn to God.
Night is too beautiful for us to cling
To selfish sorrowing.
O memory! the grass is ever green
Above thy grave; but we have brighter things,
Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I ween,
Day is for tears. At night the soul hath wings
To leave the sod.

The thought of night
That comes to us like breath of primrose-time,
That comes like the sweet rhyme
Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,
And stirs the angel that is in us—night,
Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.
Hush! for the heavens with starlets are alight.
Thank God for night!

WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

MY feet! Nay, Lord, I hold Thee far too high;
For such a service servile hands were meet.
Thou, David's heir! Thy crowning drawing nigh!
Amazed I stand; Thou shalt not wash my feet

I hail Thee, Master; reverence Thee as Lord,
Messiah promised, Christ so long delayed;
Earth, air, and floods are subject to Thy word,
And our weak souls upon Thy strength are stayed.

Thou speakest: "What I do, thou know'st not now!"
I trust thy wisdom, and its mystery greet;
But this humiliation—'tis to bow
Too low for kings: Thou shalt not wash my feet!

Again Thy voice: "If here I wash thee not
Thou hast no part with Me!" No part were dread.
O Lord! O Master! Stooping without blot,
Not my feet only, but my hands and head!

Once more I listen: "Ye have named me true:
Know ye My office to each chosen one?
Happy are ye, if knowing ye shall do:
Wash one another's feet as I have done!"

O Prophet, Prince, in love surpassing all,
In lofty presence and in humble grace,
Content my heart would answer to Thy call,
Serving or served, if Thou appoint the place.

ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.
And I felt I should have to answer
The question put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,

And things that I thought were dead things
  Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
  Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
  In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning
  Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
  But now was the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking
  Of a judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
  Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there were a future
  To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
  And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
  And the present would never go by;
For it was but the thought of my past life
  Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
  And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
  Was a warning of yesterday;

And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned in dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

OUT OF SIN INTO CHRIST.

OUT of my bondage, sorrow, and night,
Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light;
Out of my sickness into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!

Out of my shameful failure and loss
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross;

Out of earth's poisons into Thy balm,
Out of life's storms into heavenly calm,
Out of distress into jubilant psalm,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!

Out of unrest and arrogant pride
Into Thy restful will to abide;
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
Out of despair into raptures above,
Upward for aye on wings of a dove,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!

Out of my death and the shade of the tomb
Into Thy life and radiant home;
Out of the depths of ruin untold
Into the gates of Thy sheltered fold,
Into the streets and city of gold,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!

SHUT IN.

SHUT in, shut in from the ceaseless din
Of the restless world, its want and sin;
Shut in from its turmoil, care, and strife,
And all the wearisome round of life.

Shut in with tears that are spent in vain,
With the dull companionship of pain:
Shut in with the changeless days and hours,
And bitter knowledge of failing powers.

Shut in with dreams of the days gone by,
With buried joys that were born to die;
Shut in with the hopes that have lost their zest
And leave but a longing after rest.

Shut in with a trio of angels sweet!
Patience and Love all pain to meet,
With Faith that can suffer and stand and wait,
And lean on the promises, strong and great.

Shut in with Christ! Oh, wonderful thought,
Shut in with the peace His sufferings bought;
Shut in with the Love that wields the rod;
Oh, company blest! Shut in with God!

FULL CONSECRATION.

Numbers vi. 7.

FULL Consecration! Eye hath not beholden,
Ear hath not heard, nor heart of man conceiv'd,
All the deep gladness in those words enfolden,
Their blessings who, not seeing, have believed.

Full Consecration! Heart and spirit yielded
In the new rest of resurrection life;
Within the secret of God's presence shielded
From care in service, and from harm in strife.

Full Consecration! Confident surrender
Of startling wish, of plan unowned by Him;
Conscious encirclement by love too tender
With needless cloud the pilgrim path to dim.

Full Consecration! Every day revealing
Fresh visions of the land to be explor'd;
Once hidden melodies upon us stealing,
Clear whispers of the secret of the Lord.

Full Consecration! Whither, Lord, Thou goest,
We, too, would follow, listening to Thy call;
The true, glad watchword of our hearts Thou knowest—
"All, all for Christ, and Christ our all in all."

Full Consecration! Our own life's brief story;
No wasted essence, no unwoven thread;
But, with the Church's commonwealth of glory,
Linked to the glory of her risen Head.

Full Consecration! Is the first love over—
A tender memory of a yearned-for past?
No: rather, day by day, our hearts discover
Depths deep'ning into perfect love at last.

Full Consecration! Binding to the altar
The free heart's offering of life and will.
For pain, for conflict shall our spirits falter?
Take Thou Thy way, our God, and keep us still.

Full Consecration! Let us go forth bravely,
His cross-bearers who lived for us and died,
Taking grief calmly, making conquest gravely,
With the sweet quiet of the satisfied.

Thine, Lord, forever! Keep us, we implore Thee,
Yielded to Thee as risen from the dead,
Each in his priestly white to walk before Thee,
Thy consecration ever on his head.

ONLY.

ONLY a little more climbing,
And then the heights are won,
And rest we have longed and toiled for,
Is ours, and labor done.

Only a heart that trusteth
The promise of rest to be,
With never a doubt of the Heaven
Our blind eyes can not see.

Only a faith unfailing,
Like that of a little child,
And the day will not seem dreary,
Although the way is wild.

Only a little sorrow
Before the end of tears,
Only an earthly morrow,
And then Heaven's happy years.

THE SWEET SURPRISE.

DOWN to the borders of the silent land
She goes with halting feet.
She dares not trust; she can not understand
The blessedness complete
That waits for God's beloved at His right hand.

She dreads to see God's face: for though the pure
Beholding Him, are blest,
Yet in His sight no evil can endure;
And still with fear oppressed,
She looks within and cries, "Who can be sure?"

The world beyond is strange—the golden streets,
The palaces so fair,
The seraphs singing in the shining seats,
The glory everywhere;
And to her soul she solemnly repeats

The visions of the Book. "Alas," she cries,
"That world is all too grand!

Among those splendors and those majesties
I would not dare to stand;
For me a lowlier heaven would well suffice."

Yet faithful in her lot this saint has stood
Through service and through pain;
The Lord Christ she has followed, doing good.
Sure, dying must be gain
To one who, living, hath done what she could.

The light is fading in the tired eyes,
The weary race is run;
Not as the victor that doth seize the prize,
But as the fainting one,
She nears the verge of the eternities.

And now the end has come, and now she sees
The happy, happy shore.
O fearful, faint, distrustful soul, are these
The things thou fearedst before—
The awful majesties that spoiled thy peace?

This land is home; no stranger art thou here;
Sweet and familiar words
From voices silent long salute thine ear;
And winds and songs of birds,
And bees and blooms and sweet perfumes are near.

The seraphs, they are men of kindly mien;
The gems and robes but signs
Of minds all radiant and of hearts washed clean;
The glory, such as shines
Wherever faith, or hope, or love is seen.

And He, O doubting child! the Lord of Grace
Whom thou didst fear to see—
He knows thy sin. But look upon His face!
Doth it not shine on thee?
With a great light of love that fills the place?

O happy soul! be thankful now and rest;
Heaven is a goodly land,
And God is love, and those He loves are blest.
Now thou dost understand;
The least thou hast is better than the best

That thou didst hope for. Now upon thine eyes
The new life opens fair—
Before thy feet the blessed journey lies
Through homelands everywhere,
And Heaven to thee is all a sweet surprise.

THE END OF THE ROAD.

DO you wonder, oh, my darling,
Do you wonder that I faint not 'neath the burden
of my load?

Oh, the gloom and toil and duty
Turn to light and praise and beauty,
While I'm looking toward the end of the road.

Tho' the way be long and dreary,
And I languish for a happier, a more serene abode,
As the light of earth grows dimmer,
Looking up, I see the glimmer
Of its glory at the end of the road.

Though the talent seemeth meagre,
And my Sovereign Lord doth gather everywhere
He hath not strowed,
Yet I would not therefore spurn it,
But with usury return it,
At His coming at the end of the road.

Tho' I now go forward weeping,
If I bear the precious seed which the Master
would have sowed;
I shall come again with singing,
Sheaves of plenty with me bringing
To the harvest at the end of the road.

Peace shall follow tribulation;
This the boon Divine compassion upon mortals
hath bestowed.
Heavy now the cross I'm bearing.
Bright the crown I'll soon be wearing
In the temple at the end of the road.

LIFE PICTURES.

DEEPER and darker within the room
Fell the shadow of coming night,
And over a picture half cut in wood
An engraver bent in the waning light.

"It has grown so dark that I can not see,"
He said, as he laid his tools away.
"Line after line, it is wearisome work,
And I have accomplished but little to-day.

"I wonder if any who look at this,
The picture the artist carefully drew,
Will think how each little line must be cut
In wood, with a hand that is firm and true.

"I thought, to-day, as I slowly worked,
How much the picture that I have made
Is like the life that we lead each day:
Side by side fall the light and shade,

"And each line is like a single day,
And many and many a one it takes;
And yet it is not one line alone
That the beauty and strength of the picture makes.

"Neither one day, nor a noble deed,
That makes a life that is lovely and grand,
But the little things that it patiently takes
To bear, and to do, and to understand.

"And surely every beautiful picture must
Awaken in some of the many who see
A longing or thought that is earnest and true,
And that helps them to braver and stronger be.

"And so with life pictures it is, I think;
But 'tis harder, far harder, to make them pure
In life than in wood, for in every life
There is much to bear and much to endure.

"But our Father, the Artist above, He sees
Us working below, all our struggles and strife,
And He gave to us Jesus, His Son for a plan
To guide us in making our picture of life.

"And if we do our best, though many a line
May be wavering, broken, or perhaps incomplete,
Yet I think He will tenderly smile on us when
Life's picture is finished, and laid at His feet."

TIRED.

OF all Thy promises, O Christ,
This sometimes seems the best—
"Come to Me, ye that labor,
And I will give you rest."
We get so tired, we can not care
For many things. We creep
Like weary children near to Thee,
And only pray to sleep.

We have been strong to dare and do;
We have gone forth to fight;
With force that led to victory
Have striven for the right.
Where Thou hast called us we have gone,
With gladsome steps and free;
But what can worn-out hearts and hands
Avail to do for Thee?

We have gone forth to work among
Thy busy servants, Lord;
Oh, pleasant were the merry songs
We sang with sweet accord!
But night comes after the long day,
And we, by care opprest,
Come to Thee, Master, in the dark,
And ask for leave to rest.

O Jesus, Thou wast weary, too,
And Thou wilt understand
Why the unfinished tasks are put
From out the nerveless hand.
We thank Thee for Thy patient love
That gives to us its best;
We turn from all the world beside,
And come to Thee for rest.

WALKING WITH GOD.

"Unless Thy presence go with us, carry us not up hence."

DOWN through the ages float the words
That best befit my need to-day;
As prayed Thy prophet, Lord, of old,
Thy weakest child would pray.

Before me stand an open door;
A path—an untried path—I see,
Where white flowers glimmer in the grass,
And sweet airs wander free.

The path climbs not to rocky heights,
Far-looking over sea and land;
It keeps below, where meadow-slopes
Lie fair on either hand.

Clear-singing with assured delight,
Cool springs along the valley play,
Keeping its April greenness fresh
Through all the summer day.

And songs of birds from orchard boughs,
And odorous breaths of woodland bowers,
Come to me through the open door,
And charm my sultry hours.

And Love stands waiting in the door,
With soft eyes pleading tenderly,
And eager hand outstretched for mine,
Saying, "Come, walk with me!"

. . . . . .

I know!—I know that storms *must* sweep
Sometimes along the valley fair;
And even by the snowy blooms
I know that thorns are there.

But not for fear of fretting thorn,
Or sweeping blast, I stand in doubt,
Gazing with wistful, tear-wet eyes,
Yet lingering still without.

While still that dear hand waits for mine,
Still plead those true eyes earnestly,
And still I hear that gentle call,
"Mine own, come, walk with me!"

Dear Lord, Thou seest to the end;
Thou knowest the path in all its length;
Thou knowest the hearts that Thou hast made—
Their weakness and their strength.

And all the power of human love,
Its subtle charm o'er soul and sense,—
O Love Divine! to Thee I turn
In childlike confidence.

"Unless Thy presence with us go,
Carry us not up hence!" I pray.
Alone, together, as Thou wilt;
But, oh, be Thou our Way!

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You can not miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

TRUSTING.

I DO not ask that God will always make
My pathway light;
I only pray that He will hold my hand
Throughout the night.
I do not hope to have the thorns removed
That pierce my feet,
I only ask to find His blessed arms
My safe retreat.

If He afflict me, then in my distress
Withholds His hand;
If all His wisdom I can not conceive
Or understand,
I do not think to always know His why
Or wherefore, here;
But sometime He will take my hand and make
His meaning clear.

If in His furnace He refine my heart
To make it pure,
I only ask for grace to trust His love—
Strength to endure;
And if fierce storms beat round me,
And the heavens be overcast,
I know that He will give His weary one
Sweet peace at last.

IT IS WELL.

"Is it well with thee, and with thy husband, and with the child? And she said, It is well."—2 KINGS iv. 26.

YES, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows, once so hard to bear;
That not again beside death's darksome river,
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and gone;
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish;
So far the day is past, the journey done!

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port beneath a calmer sky,
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

A sweet air cometh from the shore immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline,
Almost we see where, from the open portal,
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well! The earth, with all her myriad voices,
Has lost the power our senses to enthrall;
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, oh, friends! We would not turn—retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

THE CROWN SUCCEEDS THE CROSS.

OUR highest joys succeed our griefs,
And peace is born of pain;
Smiles follow bitter, blinding tears,
As sunshine follows rain.

We gain our rest through weariness,
From bitter draw the sweet:
Strength comes from weakness, hope from fear,
And victory from defeat.

We reap where we have sown the seed,
Gain is the fruit of loss;
Life springs from death, and at the end,
The crown succeeds the cross.

THE TWO GATES.

A PILGRIM once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain-side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and, passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lusterful and clear as those new skies.
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

ONE longing fills my heart, that else
With earthly cravings would o'erflow;
One pure desire within me dwells
Amid desires I would forego;

One longing deep that day by day
Sweeps every lesser wish away.

It is not that I choose no more
  Between the shadow and the sun;
That vanities no longer lure;
  That sweet and bitter are as one;
But that this longing day by day
Sweeps every lesser wish away.

If now I triumph, now I fail,
  Or now attain an inward peace,
If now temptations sore assail,
  All things this longing but increase;
And oh, this longing day by day
All gains, all losses doth outweigh.

It is for Thee, for Thee alone,
  Who art beyond all language dear;
In life, in death, Thou only One
  Who stoopest low, Who drawest near;
For Thee I hunger day by day,
And pray the more, the more I pray.

Come, Daily Bread of gracious taste;
  Sweet Manna endlessly supplied;
Thou hidden Joy that can not waste:
  Our Wayside Strength, however tried;
Come, Blessèd Jesus, day by day,
Lest we should faint beside the way!

Come, God and Saviour, to Thine own;
Revealed to Faith's anointed eyes,
Make thou Thy very Presence known,
Though veiled in holy mysteries;
And oh!—the sum of all I pray—
Sweep Thou at last the veil away!

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, old year, we walk no more together;
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,
And crowned with yellow brake and withered heather.
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mists that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain;

And in that winter gloom I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear old year, I wronged a Father's kindness,
I would not trust Him with my load of care;
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness
And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer!

Good-by, kind year; we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

OUT OF GALILEE.

"But some said, What, doth the Christ come out of Galilee?"—JOHN vii. 41, "Revised Version."

SHALL Christ come out of Galilee?—
The heart of sin and sorrow saith,—
The Christ for you, the Christ for me,
Can good come out of Nazareth?
Must He not be of nobler line,
And bearing in His very face
The tokens of a life divine,
The radiant marks of heavenly grace?

No prophet comes from Galilee,
No priest or king from Nazareth,

This lowly one,—how can it be
That He is Lord of life and death?
Give Him for crown the twisted thorn,
And make the cross His royal seat!
His greeting be a cry of scorn!
What else for such a Christ is meet?

But what if He whom God hath given
The Christ of God for men to be,
Sent first to Bethlehem from Heaven,
Thence hath been sent to Galilee:
In humble Nazareth to share,
By mortal poverty and woe,
By toil and tears, by pain and care,
Our struggle in the world below!

What if, to leave on labor sore
His Father's benediction sweet,
He passed beneath the hamlet door
And came and went with weary feet,
That so on toilsome life might come,
On pillow hard, on scanty fare,
On daily work, on darkened home,
Calm peace of God, contentment rare!

How could the Elder Brother know,—
The Brother for adversity,—
How bitter is our cup of woe,
How sick and sore our hearts can be,

Save as He shared the very same,
Lived in our life and died our death!
So upon Him the burden came,
And He lived once in Nazareth.

We kneel and kiss His garment's hem
Who to our lot surrendereth
The Virgin's Son of Bethlehem,
The toilsome Man of Nazareth.
His feet the path we tread, have trod
In lines of light to show the way,
The way through earth to Heaven and God,
From darkness to eternal day.

"DRAWN" OR "DRIVEN."

PROV. xiv. 32.

DRIVEN—far out upon a stormy sea,
Tossed by rough waves beneath a starless sky;
Drawn—by a voice that whispers, "Peace, be still,
Be not afraid, poor wanderer, It is I!"

Driven—like leaves before the wintry wind
That blights and shrivels with its chilling breath;
Drawn—by the rustling of an angel's wings,
Wafting a ransomed soul away in death.

Driven—to trifle on through sinful years,
Braving the wrath ye would not dare to meet;
Drawn—by a Saviour's wondrous love to shed
Tears of contrition at His wounded feet.

Driven away. The only refuge gone:
Worn out at last, the patience all divine;
Drawn—by the tender accents that proclaim,
"Fear not, I have redeemed thee; thou art Mine."

Oh, solemn words, that speak to every heart,
The choice is ours, we must be "drawn" or "driven";
Driven, and doomed to everlasting woe,
Or gently drawn with cords of love to Heaven.

"*HE GIVETH QUIET.*"

QUIET in God—the ever-present seal
Of faith unspoken,
Believing faces, infant lips, reveal
Its nameless token.

A gift bestowed upon the poor oppressed,
To kings forbidden;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings to rest,
Securely hidden.

To bear for them the cross, as if for Thee,
Strengthen me ever!
Among Thy hidden ones, O number me,
Now and forever!

HOW? WHEN? WHERE? WHY?

YOU ask me *how* I gave my heart to Christ.
I do not know.
There came a yearning for Him in my soul
So long ago.
I found earth's flowerets would fade and die,—
I wept for something that could satisfy,
And then—and then—somehow, I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer,
I do not know—
I can not tell you—how,
I only know
He is my Saviour now!

You ask me *when* I gave my heart to Christ.
I can not tell.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone,
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone

Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think 'twas then I let Him in.
I do not know—
I can not tell you—when;
I only know
He is so dear since then!

You ask me *where* I gave my heart to Christ.
I can not say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.
Perhaps He thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that spot!
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want, forever, there to stay.
I do not know—
I can not tell you—where
I only know
He came and blessed me there!

You ask me *why* I gave my heart to Christ.
I can reply.
It is a wondrous story; listen, while
I tell you why.
My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His face;
I was alone, I had no resting-place.
I heard of how He loved me, with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above

All human ken,
I longed such love to share;
And sought it then
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ
Would heed my prayer.
I knew He died upon the cross for me,—
I nailed Him there!
I heard His dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw Him drink death's cup, that I might live.
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame.
He called me, and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer!
I can not tell you how,
Nor when, nor where,
Why, I have told you now.

KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

SET wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To work where He pleases with holy delight;
As each day of life, than the last, hastens faster,
So pass ev'ry moment as in His dear sight.
Kept by God's power,
From hour to hour,
Still working with happiness, strong in His might.

Set wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To lay me aside if it seem to Him best,
Perchance by some blow of what earth calls disaster,
Still tranquilly leaning upon His lov'd breast.
Kept by God's power,
From hour to hour,
Relying with joy on His promises blest.

Set wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To speak, from my heart, of His message of grace;
To tell of His love, though glad tears gather faster,
And point to the Saviour, who died in my place.
Kept by God's power,
From hour to hour,
His mercy to sinners to gratefully trace.

Set wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To work, or to rest. or to speak for His sake;
To give Him, like Mary, my choice alabaster,
My sweetest and best o'er His pierc'd feet to break.
Kept by God's power,
From hour to hour,
Until in His likeness I, satisfied, wake.

A PRAYER.

PLAN Thou my path, O Lord,
And let me see
No future good or ill
Not best for me;
Go with me through the dark,
And through the light;
Thy presence will suffice
For deepest night.

The child doth never fear
Though storms betide,
Whoever nestles near
His father's side;
Oh, in the storm of life,
Let me not stray
Beyond Thy loving care
Through all the way.

And when I have fulfilled
Thy perfect will,
And Thou dost to the storm
Say. Peace, be still;
Be with me when friends watch
My latest breath,
And guide me through the calm
That we call death.

CHRIST'S WAY OF BLESSING.

OH! not in strange portentous way
Christ's miracles were wrought of old
The common thing, the common clay,
He touched and tinctured, and straightway
It grew to glory manifold.

The barley loaves were daily bread
Kneaded and mixed with usual skill;
No care was given, no spell was said,
But when the Lord had blessed, they fed
The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common sun,
Watered by common dews and rain,
Of which the fisher's nets were spun;
Nothing was prophesied or done
To mark it from the other grain.

Coarse, brawny hands let down the net
When the Lord spake and ordered so;
They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet,
Just as in the other days, and set
Their backs to labor, bending low;

But quivering, leaping from the lake
The marvelous, shining burdens rise,

Until the laden meshes brake,
And all amazed, no man spake,
But gazed with wonder in his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in ever place
Thou standest by the toiling folk
With love and pity in Thy face,
And givest of Thy help and grace
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and spell,
Baffling and darkening nature's face;
Thou takest the things we know so well,
And build'st on them Thy miracle—
The heavenly on the commonplace.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and dull,
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!
They blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder peal
Resounding from a mount of fire,
While round our daily paths we feel
Thy sweet love and Thy power to heal
Working in us Thy full desire.

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion,
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,

Star upon our path abiding,
" Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
" Trust in God and do the right."

CREDO.

CREDO—that Jesus died for our salvation,
And that the soul who trusts Him shall receive
The blessedness of Christ's own presence ever,
For He hath promised, and we must believe.

Credo—that Christ the Lord our Saviour liveth,
Although from want of faith our sight be dim;
That life, rich, free, and wonderful, He giveth
Unto the soul that doth abide in Him.

And we believe that One who is almighty
Knows our temptations, bears our every care,
Pities our tears and understands our weakness,
And listens evermore to trusting prayer.

If any duty difficult ariseth,
The strength we ask we surely shall receive;
The soul can never hesitate or falter
While it repeats the wondrous " I believe."

Credo—there is no time of weary sorrow
That will not bring us joy when Christ gives rest;
Credo—no pain can last a moment longer
Than the great Healer's wisdom seeth best.

Credo—no more the days seem dull and dreary,
Monotonous with little daily care;
Indifferent no more, as once, but thankful
We know the days are bright, the earth is fair.

Credo—no more the future loometh vaguely
With many a fear and sorely-dreaded thing;
For coming days a promise is; we, waiting,
Will but believe, and humbly, gladly sing.

The earth's fair beauty, every shining forest,
Each peaceful island in a radiant sea,
Each sunlit lily folding golden petals,
Each dazzling evening cloud delighteth me.

For I believe that God, the great Creator,
Who made the splendor that we daily see,
Reveals himself to be our Heavenly Father;
Must not this make His world more fair to me?

When know we who it is who made and loves us,
How can we but be very glad and sing,
And, with our hearts set free from care and sadness,
Enjoy the beauty of each lovely thing?

Credo—in living facts, and not fair legends;
No distant fables are the themes we sing;
We know, for God Himself this truth hath taught us;
We know that Christ the Lord doth reign our King.

Credo—and o'er the uttered word we linger;
While a sweet trusting quiet we receive,
And thankfulness, and full content and gladness,
The days are sweet and solemn—we believe.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

I WAS reading the quaint old story,
Only the other day,
How, long ago, to the temple
Two men went up to pray;
One said, "I am not as others,
O God, I give thanks to Thee;"
But the other, "Lord, have mercy
Upon a wretch like me."
Though the first went down with no sense of shame,
To the heart of the other the blessing came.

And then I paused to wonder
Why God was unsatisfied
With the offered words of thanksgiving,
While the prayer was not denied.

Do our hymns of joyous praises
No place in His pleasure find?
May we thank Him for bodily comforts,
And not for gifts of the mind?
Does the grateful heart hold smaller share
Of His love and peace than the penitent prayer?

I turned again to the volume,
And at once my perplexity ceased:
"The humble shall be exalted,
But the proud shall be abased."
Ah, vain and haughty boaster,
In scorn of fellow man,
Tell God of your outer purity,
And thank Him, if you can,
Yet fail to know thy inmost need,
And He giveth thy worship little heed.

A CRY FROM THE SHORE.

COME down, ye gray-beard mariners,
Unto the wasting shore!
The morning winds are up. The gods
Bid me to dream no more.
Come, tell me whither I must sail,
What peril there may be,
Before I take my life in hand
And venture out to sea!

"We may not tell thee where to sail,
Nor what the dangers are;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
Each hath a separate star;
Each sailor soundeth for himself,
And on the awful sea
What we have learned is ours alone;
We may not tell it thee."

Come back, oh, ghostly mariners,
Ye who have gone before!
I dread the dark, impetuous tides;
I dread the farther shore.
Tell me the secret of the waves;
Say what my fate shall be—
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,
And will not wait for me.

"Hail and farewell, oh, voyager!
Thyself must read the waves;
What we have learned of sun and storm
Lies with us in our graves;
What we have learned of sun and storm
Is ours alone to know.
The winds are blowing out to sea,
Take up thy life and go!"

OUR DAILY BREAD.

CLOSE beside us stands the tempter,
And his voice comes low and sweet:
"All these treasures will I give thee,
Only worship at my feet."
And our hearts so weak and wayward,
Long to prove what He has said;
Father, in our hour of danger,
Give us then our daily bread.

In the day when ruthless sorrow
Kills all joy within the heart;
When bright hopes that we have cherished
Slowly from our life depart;
When the storm-cloud o'er us lowers,
And our hearts sink low through dread;
Father, in this time of trouble,
Give us now our daily bread.

When the sunshine brightens round us
All our friends seem warm and true,
And the future with caresses
Woos us as we still pursue;
Father, let our joys and gladness
Still from heavenly founts be fed;
In the hour of joy's sweet trial
Give our souls their daily bread.

At all times and in all places,
  Under bright or clouded skies,
Framed in words of Christ's own choosing
  Does this same petition rise.
May both we and all Thy children
  Ever by Thy hand be led;
Father, in Thy love and pity
  Give us *all* our daily bread.

LOVING FACES.

1 JOHN iv. 7.

COMMON to all races,
  Common to us all,
Are the loving faces,
  Faces great and small.

Faces of our mothers
  Lighting up our home;
Faces of our brothers,
  As the world we roam.

Faces, loving faces,
  Lifting up their light,
With a thousand graces,
  Shining in the night;

Lighting up with glory
All this darkened earth,
Telling us the story
Of our heavenly birth,

For, in holy faces,
Faces full of love,
We may find the traces
Of our God above.

So to all the races,
So to us and all,
By these loving faces
God to us doth call.

THE TAPESTRY-WORKER.

"CARRY me out, my brethren;
For I can work no more.
Carry me out to meet Him—
My Master at the door!
The sun is slowly setting,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
And the task He gave is finished;
Carry me out to Him!

"The task He gave is finished:
I mind when it began,

How joyously and swiftly
The busy moments ran:
In ardor for His service,
Methought I wrought so well
That e'en His own appointings
I should at last excel.

"But through my vain ambition
There fell the hand divine,
That quietly effac'd it——
My dearly-loved design.
And whilst I sore lamented
For beauty swept away,
'*More beauty hath obedience,*'
I heard the Master say.

"Then I was still, my brethren,
And turned to toil anew,
Leaving to Him the guidance,
Whose plans are sure and true;
And though to trace His pattern
At times I vainly tried,
My heart found rest remembering
He sees the other side.

"I sat behind the canvas,
I saw no beauty grow,
I held His own directions—
Enough for me to know;

Many had wider portions
Of clearer, brighter hue,
But the old man in the corner
The Master needed too.

"And if nor gain nor glory
Shine out from this my weft,
Still He will not be angry—
I did the task He left.
And now that I am helpless,
And weary is my frame,
My brethren, in the distance
I hear Him call my name."

They bore the old man gently
Forth from the working-room,
Forth from the ended labor,
Forth from the silent loom,
And down a voice came floating,
A voice serene and blest,
"O good and faithful servant!
Enter thou into rest.

"Long, long in patient duty
Thy yearning soul was tried;
Open thine eyes to beauty
Upon the other side!
Behind the canvas toiling,
Thou didst not dream of this,

That every shadow-tangle
Wrought out eternal bliss;

"And every thread mysterious
Into the pattern given,
Was weaving rich perfection
Of love and life in heaven.
Now rise thou to the glory
By lowly hearts possessed,
Who but fulfill My bidding,
And leave to Me the rest!

"*THE LOVE OF CHRIST WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.*"

I BORE with thee long, weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above,
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared;
Give thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost;

Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth;
  Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced;
  Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding cross, and shouted hungry-voiced,
  Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands, thy name
  Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes;
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame;
  I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left;
  Six hours alone, athirst, in misery;
At length in death one smote My heart and cleft
  A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
  More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep;
So did I win a kingdom,—share My crown;
  A harvest,—come and reap.

SECLUDED PATHS.

"RESTLESS and unsatisfied,
  Of what use is life," I cried,
All my wishes are denied!

All my duties trivial seem,
I have energies I deem,
What I could be oft I dream.

Yet I can not see my way
From this spot whereon I stay,
So hope fadeth day by day.

Then a voice was at my side,
" Let My conduct be thy guide,"
('Twas His voice, the Crucified).

" Law and prophets to fulfill,
Was my life devoted still,
For I came to do His will;

" What that will? The Scripture saith,
Thirty years of Nazareth,
Three years' public work, then death.

" Thirty years, unknown, I trod
Galilee's sequestered sod,
But My life was known to God;

" Daily work at Joseph's call,
Daily life 'mid duties small,
Yet I was the Lord of all.

" Daughter, if thy life be true,
Thou a blessed work shall do,
Though unseen to mortal view;

"I shall know it, I shall see,
When with willing heart and free
Thou obedient art to Me.

"All thy quiet life I know,
For I planned it long ago,
Wouldst thou that it was not so?

"I have given all for thee,
Live thy quiet life for Me,
So it shall transfigured be."

Now on these sweet words I rest,
And have ceased my anxious quest,
For the Master knoweth best.

LIFTING OF THE VEIL.

BETWEEN the here and the hereafter,
Heaven's repose and earthly strife,
Hangs a mystic veil, dividing
Soul from soul and life from life.
Soft as dew falls on the water,
Or as mist on mount and vale,
Noiseless as a bud unfolding,
Is the lifting of the veil.

When we pine with restless longing
Some long cherished form to view,

Seems this veil a luminous ether,
Saintly faces shining through;
And we almost catch the whisper,
Soft as sigh of Summer's gale,
Almost see a beckoning finger
At the lifting of the veil.

Yet when all our soul is weary
Of Earth's turmoil, pain, and whirl,
And we strive to rend the curtain,
Lo! we beat 'gainst walls of pearl,
We have missed the crystal doorway,
Or the keys celestial fail,
And we wait without, impatient
For the lifting of the veil.

When the face we love grows pallid,
Clearer, purer, day by day,
Till we see the spirit's lustre
Shining through its vase of clay;
When the jewel leaves the casket
How we weep, and moan, and wail,
At the beckoning of the Angel,
At the lifting of the veil.

Though we can not hear their footsteps,
As they journey to and fro
In those silent, hidden chambers,
Noiseless as the falling snow;

Though we can not see their vestments,
Silvery white, as moonbeams pale,
We shall meet them, fair as angels,
At the lifting of the veil.

With His present works so mighty,
And His wonders spread abroad,
What must be the secret places
In the Palace of our God!
Not with sorrow, nor with anguish,
But with rapture should we hail
Every beckoning of the angel,
Every lifting of the veil.

THE WANDERER.

OH, tired, wandering feet,
That in life's path have trod
So far away from Him, come back,
Poor weary child, to God.

Oh, wayward, aching heart,
That seeks to gain
A respite here from life's deep thorns,
And from its pain,

Why strive for that which here
Ye will not find?

God only, dear, gives perfect rest
To heart and mind.

Oh, longing, tearful eyes,
Remember He wept too;
And that, though others grieve and wound,
He cares for you!

If thou wilt say, as Jesus did
In dark Gethsemane,
"Thy will be done!" thy Father, child,
Will send His peace to thee.

"*HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE INTERCESSION.*"

Hebrews vii. 25.

I WILL arise and go unto my Father,
And say—what shall I say?
Oh, to abase myself in silence, rather,
And weep my guilt away!

What can I plead, who have no plea to offer
In presence of His grace?
There was no help for me He did not proffer;
How shall I seek His face?

So often He has heard my poor confession,
And sent me on my way

Rejoicing in the sweet assured possession
Of pardon one brief day.

My sins! my sins! they seem to mount to heaven!
I can look up no more.
Not new sins, but the old, so oft forgiven;
The old sins o'er and o'er.

Yet must I rise and go unto my Father.
The heavier grows my load
The more I need deliverance. Oh, to gather
Some strength upon the road!

I said I had no plea. Alas! excuses
Would but increase my sin.
They are of pride, and He to pride refuses
What penitence may win.

Already on my heart this sore oppression
Seems less as I draw near;
And out of Heaven a Voice of Intercession,
Compassionate, I hear.

I can not understand the wondrous pleading,
Redemption's Mystery;
But know it is for me, this interceding,
So humble, yet so high.

O Jesus! ever-loving, ever-living,
Who makest Thine my plea,

Would that the world were mine and worth the giving,
To sacrifice to Thee!

But I remember that the troubled spirit,
The broken, contrite heart,
Are all Love asks or sinners need inherit,
That Thou should'st take their part.

Receive me, then, O Jesus, and enfold me
In mercy's sweet embrace;
Through Thee I know the Father now beholds me,
In Thine I see His face.

THE BUILDERS.

HIGH on the granite wall the builders, toiling,
Heaved up the massive blocks and slabs to place
With swart and streaming brows and straining sinews,
Under the Summer's blaze.

And higher yet, amid the chills of Autumn,
Tier upon tier and arch on arch arose;
And still crept upward, coldly, wearily,
'Mid Winter's sifting snows.

From stage to stage upsprings the master builder,
  Instructing, cheering, chiding here and there;
Scanning, with scrutiny severe and rigid,
  Each lusty laborer's share.

Anon his voice to those most distant shouting
  Through the hoarse trumpet makes his orders swell;
Or utter words like these to rouse and hearten—
"Build well, my men. build well!

"The ropes are strong, and new and sound the pulleys;
  The derrick's beams are equal to the strain;
Unerring are the level, line and plummet;
  Let nought be done in vain!

"Build that these walls to coming generations
  Your skill, your strength, your faithfulness shall tell;
That all may say, as storms and centuries test them,
  The men of old built well!"

And ever thus speaks the Great Master Builder
  To us, where'er our journeying may be:
"Whate'er the toil, the season, or the structure,
  Build well—build worthily!"

"CAREST THOU NOT, O MASTER?"

Mark iv. 38.

CAREST Thou not, O Master?
The waves are dashing high,
And our lips grow faint with breathing
That "exceeding bitter" cry.

Carest Thou not, O Master?
The wind is growing strong,
And we, Thy storm-tossed children,
For Thy loving comfort long.

Carest Thou not, O Master?
The boat with the waves is filled,
And the fearful hearts of the rowers
Can only by Thee be stilled.

Carest Thou not, O Master?
Our hearts grow sick with fears,
Canst Thou be in truth beside us,
And mark not Thy loved ones' tears!

Carest Thou not, O Master?
The sky with the storm grows dark,
And the crested waves are threat'ning
To bury our tiny barque.

Carest Thou not, O Master?
Surely Thy love must heed

That cry in the midst of the tempest,
Telling Thy children's need.

Carest Thou not, O Master?
"Forgive us the thought," we pray,
We *know* that the winds and the tempest
The sound of Thy voice obey

Carest Thou not, O Master?
Our hearts with this thought are stilled,
That we know Thy heart of compassion
With love for Thine own is filled.

Carest Thou not? Dear Master,
We *know* and have *proved* Thy care,
"Oh, keep us, each moment from doubting,"
Be each of Thy children's prayer.

VOCATION.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

O MASTER! Thou who knowest everything,
Knowest how day by day
The same sad question to Thy Cross I bring;
What, Master, dost Thou say?

What wilt Thou have me do for Thy dear sake
With hand and head and heart?

Shall I like Martha serve? or shall I take
Calm Mary's better part?

Or harder ways that later saints have found—
Is any of *these* mine?
I ask, and long—and still there comes no sound
From those pale lips of Thine.

Ah! what if Thou *hast* spoken, dearest Lord,
And I regardless still,
Have lost the whispered counsel of the Word,
Following my own wild will?

And what if Thou, unheeded thus, should'st pass,
Nor ever speak again;
While I, still longing, see the years, alas!
Wasted in wishes vain?

Nay, nay, dear Master! at Thy feet I cling:
I will not let Thee go
Till back within my sorrowing soul Thou bring
The peace I used to know.

Till Thou forgive me all, and re-awake
The love that once was mine.
Oh, take my heart, and make it bend or break,
If it be only Thine!

HE LEADETH ME

PSALM cvii. 7.

BY the right way He leadeth—
When I go
Through the green pastures,
Where still waters flow;
When not one note of discord
Mars Life's song—
And each glad morning, new
His mercies throng.

By the right way He leadeth—
When my soul
Falters in tempests, where
His billows roll;
When sun and stars seem fled
From out my sky—
Choose Thou the way, my Lord,
So Thou be nigh.

The path He leadeth me,
Through dark or bright;
In days of sickness, days of health,
He chooseth right:
For I can only see
One step—no more—
And He who leadeth me
Knows all before.

And He will guide me through
That valley low,
Where death's dark shadows come;
But still I know
By the right way He'll lead,
Till wanderings past,
Into His own fair land,
I come at last.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT.

SEND out Thy Light, the way is dark before me,
The path Thy Love has moulded out for me;
Send out Thy Light, that I may see Thy Footsteps
Calming the waters of life's restless sea.

Send out Thy Light, the clouds are dark above me,
Gathering in tempest from the angry sea;
Send out Thy Light, that I may see the stormdrops
Which fall from the dear Hand, once pierced for me.

Send out Thy Light, and lead me, Father, lead me,
Beyond this darkness, sorrow, and unrest;

Send out Thy Light, and guide me, worn and weary,
To the calm shelter of my Saviour's breast.

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who loved me! Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;

Grateful I take His slightest gifts, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end:
I grudge you not your cold and darkness—me
The powers of light befriend.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I can not please," he said;
"The only songs I know

Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us once more," the Captain begged;
The soldier bent his head.
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,

Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But, ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

THE WAITING SAVIOUR.

SOLOMON'S SONG v. 2; REVELATION iii. 20.

IN the silent hours of darkness,
When the world is hushed and still
Comes the Saviour, gently knocking,
Till His locks the dew-drops fill.

Listen, oh, my soul, with wonder,
That this Saviour comes to thee,
Ever knocking, ever waiting,
Waiting what thy will shall be.

Oh, for grace to listen to Him!
Oh, for room within my heart!
Oh, for love to bid Him enter!
Enter never to depart.

Come and enter, precious Saviour,
Come, dear Father, with the Son,
Come, Thou ever-loving Spirit,
Come, Thou Holy Three in One!

Come according to Thy promise,
Come to calm this troubled breast,
Come to cheer this earthly journey,
Come and take me home to rest.

THE TURNED LESSON.

"I THOUGHT I knew it!" she said;
"I thought I had learned it quite!"
But the gentle teacher shook her head,
With a grave, yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
And a heavy tear fell down
As she turned away with bending head;
Yet not for reproof or frown,
And not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play-hour lost;
It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
But her teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depth of an autumn wood;
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough;
No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
"Now I will try you again,"
And the lesson was mastered, every word;
Was it not worth the pain?
Was it not kinder the task to turn
Than to let it pass
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart?"
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
The lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by His side
Till the page is really known;
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love,
(For He knows the loss), can we refuse?

But, oh, how could we dream
That we knew it all so well,
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell?
And, oh, how could we grieve once more
That patient One
Who has turned so many a task before!

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach
Line upon line,
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
Though our task be turned to-day,
Oh, let Him teach us what He will,
In His own most gracious way,
Till, sitting only at Jesus' feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

HIGH o'er the black-backed Skerries, and far
To the westward hills and the eastward sea,
I shift my light like a twinkling star,
With ever a star's sweet constancy.
They wait for me when the night comes down,
And the slow sun falls in his death divine,
Then braving the black night's gathering frown,
With ruby and diamond blaze—I shine!

There is war at my feet where the black rocks break,
The thunderous snows of the rising sea;
There is peace above when the stars are awake,
Keeping their night-long watch with me.
I care not a jot for the roar of the surge,
The wrath is the sea's—the victory mine!
As over its breadth to the furthest verge,
Unwavering and untired—I shine!

First on my brow comes the pearly light,
Dimming my lamp in the new-born day;
One long, last look to left and right.
And I rest from my toil—for the broad sea-way
Grows bright with the smile and blush of the sky,
All incandescent and opaline.
I rest—but the loveliest day will die—
Again in its last wan shadows—I shine!

When the night is black, and the wind is loud,
And danger is hidden. and peril abroad,
The seaman leaps on the swaying shroud;
His eye is on me, his hope in God!
Alone, in the darkness, my blood-red eye
Meets his, and he hauls his groping line.
"A point to nor'ard!" I hear him cry,
He goes with a blessing, and still—I shine!

While standing alone in the summer sun
Sometimes I have visions and dreams of my own,
Of long-life voyages just begun,
And rocks unnoticed, and shoals unknown;
And I would that men and women would mark
The duty done by this lamp of mine;
For many a life is lost in the dark,
And few on earth are the lights that shine!

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

"AS a little child, as a little child!
Then how can I enter in!
Scarred, and hardened, and soul-defiled
With traces of sorrow and sin.
Can I turn backward the shroud of years
And wake my dead youth at my will?"
"Nay, but thou canst, with thy grief and thy fears,
Creep into My arms and be still."

"I know, Lord, the lambs in Thy Heavenly fold
Are sheltered and hid in Thy heart;
But I—I am old, and the gray from the gold
Has bidden all brightness depart.
The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth
Lie withered and shrouded in dust."
"Thou'rt emptied at length of thy treacherous strength.
Creep into My arms now—and trust."

"Is it true? Can I share with the little ones there
A child's happy rest on Thy breast?"
"Aye, the tenderest care is heeding thy prayer,
My love is for thee as the rest.
It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears,
Will soften thy murmurs to psalms;
Thy sorrows shal seem but a feverish dream
In the rest—in the rest of My arms."

"Thus tenderly held, the heart that rebelled
Shall cling to My hand, though it smite—
Shall find in my rod the love of its God,
My statutes its songs in the night.
And whiter than snow shall the stained life grow
'Neath the touch of a love undefiled,
And throngs of forgiven to the kingdom of Heaven,
Shall welcome one more little child."

BLIND.

OPEN my eyes, O Lord of light!
Like him of old who cried to Thee—
"Lord, that I may receive my sight."
From darker depths of agony
I ask myself to see.

Show me the sin that makes me blind,
The clouds of wrong that hide my sun:
The pride that veils me from my kind,
The sloth that leaves Thy work undone,
The race I have not run.

Wrapped in the mists of self and sin,
Groping along a devious way,
Am I too late Thy wage to win?
To leave the dark and find the day?
Oh, drive my night away!

Yet were such wastes before me spread,
How could my new-born vision bear
The blasting sight of woe and dread,
The desert's awful gloom and glare,
Nor curse my granted prayer?

Lord, that I may receive my sight,
Not all my grievous sin to see,

To pierce the terror of the night,
And into outer darkness flee,
But to look up to Thee!

Unveil Thy cross, Thy tender face,
The lips whose anguish cried, "Forgive!"
The glory of redeeming grace,
The love that life and light can give.
Lord, bid me look and live!

IO VICTIS.

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, from whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er thefr failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, history, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?

The Martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at
Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or
Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

THE MISSION OF PAIN.

"AND He, the Lord, among them there could
do
No mighty work, because of unbelief,
Except to lay His hand upon a few
Poor pain-racked frames and give Divine
relief."

With wasted hand I laid the volume by,
And let my fevered eyelids droop in prayer;
And sent to Heaven a pleading, plaintive cry,
For a like miracle to those wrought there.

"'No mighty work!' O Lord, could Cana's wine,
Or loaded seine, or wondrous meal of bread,
E'er bring such joy as this kind act of Thine
In curing pain and giving ease instead?

"Oh, Jesus, Master! when on earth no cry
Could e'er upon Thine ear unheeded fall,
Then why, oh, loving Saviour, tell me why,
Despite of prayer. Thou dost not hear *my*
call?"

The answer came: — "Didst ever think, my child,
What brought for aid those feeble ones to me?
Their natures weak, and all with sin defiled,
Could have no fellowship with Deity.

"What brought them tó Me, then? Was it not Pain?
My angel-messenger, to bring men low?
For where he does not lay his hand in vain
Men learn their Saviour's tender love to know,

"But all are not alike; for of the healed
Some stayed to worship at the Master's feet,
While others, by their base neglect, revealed
That earthly good was all they came to seek,

"And so beside some beds Pain lingering stands,
As at thine own; he tarries here in fear,
Lest if he should withdraw his chastening hands
Thou shouldst not feel the need of Jesus near."

"Then, let him stay, dear Lord, Thou knowest best,"
With perfect trust my heart responsive cried;
"Or bid him go, at Thy divine behest,
So Thou stand closely ever at my side."

UNTIL HE COME.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come!

His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come!

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed upon the tree,
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come!

And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come!

Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come!

Oh, blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

"ENTERED INTO REST."

SAFE at the feet of Jesus,
Telling life's long, sad tale;
Safe at the feet of Jesus,
Where love can never fail.

Safe at the feet of Jesus,
Wondering o'er perils past;
Safe at the feet of Jesus,
Where all her care was cast.

Safe at the feet of Jesus,
Kissing the wound-scars there,
Learning at last the meaning
Of an unanswered prayer.

Why all the rending trials;
Why all the cruel strife;
Why all the flowers withered
That graced her path in life;

Why the drear separations
Of friends once loved, once true;
Why scenes are ever changing
Looking so coldly new;

Why all the misunderstandings
Embittered life's short day;
Why stones, and thorns, and briers
Marked out "the narrow way."

So, resting in His sunshine,
Who loved her through the shade,
We lay her in the shadow
Of the cross the sunshine made.

WHERE I FIND A REFUGE.

"A woman's life is made up of *little* things."

LITTLE daily worries
Press upon my heart,
Overcharge my spirit
Till the tear-drops start.
I can only bring them,
Mighty Lord! to Thee,
Asking Thee to give me
Loving sympathy.

Little golden mercies
Flit across each day,
Gilding every shadow
Lying in my way.
Then I bring my gladness,
Loving Lord! to Thee,
Thankful for the sunbeams
That Thou sendest me.

Little daily sin-flakes
Fall upon my soul,
And I fear that darkness
May o'ershroud the whole.

Then I flee, confiding,
Precious Lord! in Thee,
For Thy blood can cleanse me
Fully, perfectly.

Little weary moments,
Full of faithless care,
Cost me many a heart-pang,
Keep me back from prayer.
But I kneel in sorrow
Grieving o'er my sin,
That my Lord's sweet promise
Failed my trust to win.

Thus I find a Refuge
In a loving Lord,
Gladness in His Promise,
Comfort in His Word;
Hidden thus in Jesus,
All my life shines bright,
All my heart is sun-lit,
Full of joy and light!

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

ALL days are great Atonement days;
All men who come and humbly bring,
An incense with their offering
Of broken hearts, true prayer, and praise,
Are priests on God's Atonement days.

Their souls are sanctuaries where,
Close curtained from the world of sin,
The covering cherubs brood within,
Making, amid earth's deserts bare,
Holies-of-holiest everywhere.

The Spirit-lighted Mercy-seat
To every alien's foot is free,
Whate'er his Gentile life may be,
If he but bring oblations meet
To lay before that Mercy-seat.

He doest not need the priestly dress,
The breastplate wrought of precious stone,
Urim or Thummim—Christ alone
In His supreme, white righteousness,
Robes him as with the high-priest's dress.

He does not need to bear at all,
The mystic blood of sacrifice
Within his hand as proffered price,
Before the absolving peace shall fall;
One Lamb's was sprinkled once for all!

Each day may be a sacred day,
And every spot a holiest place,
Where Christ doth manifest His grace:
Each day wherein men trust, obey,
And love, is an Atonement day!

R E S T.

REST will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labor is done—
Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun!

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary of war's alarms—
But now I'm longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms!

Death by and by will be welcome, if I have been faithful and true—
Now, there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do!

Once, in the early morning, when the dews were not yet dry,
In the misty summer morning, or ever the sun was high,

As I looked along the road whereby I must presently go,
And saw how great was the journey, how fiercely the moon would glow,

Life felt too heavy a burden, and I so weary and worn,
Weary before I had labored, and longing for night at morn.

Weary before I had labored; but labor has brought
me rest,
And now I am only eager to do my work with
the best.

What right have I to be weary, when my work is
scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, while aught re-
mains to be done?

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the sweet-
er be;
And blessed will peace be to them that have won
the victory!

But now is the time for battle — now I would
strive with the best;
Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth a
rest.

DEAR HANDS.

ROUGHENED and worn with ceaseless toil
and care,
No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;
They earned for whiter hands a jeweled ease,
And kept the scars unlovely for their share.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear

The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,
The gold and gems that others find so fair.
Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,
Whereon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,
I see, through tears, your glory newly won,
The golden circlet of life's work well done,
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

FROM CHANGE TO THE UNCHANGING.

"For we have not here an abiding city."—HEB. xiii. 14 (*New Version*).

"In my Futher's house are many abiding places."—JOHN xiv. 2 (*Margin*).

SLOW move the feet amid life's lengthening shadows,
And do not care to roam,
Except across the old familiar meadows
That lie about the home.

Soft is the music of the little river,
And on its pleasant banks
The grasses grow as strong and green as ever,
As if to give God thanks.

It is the evening and the children's laughter
Rings out in the still air;
I hear some half forgotten songs; and after,
Bells chime for evening prayer.

Within the house, half hidden by the bushes,
My people wait for me!
How sweetly sing the blackbirds and the thrushes
Here where I joy to be.

Do the old hollies gleam with last year's berries?
Are early fruit trees green?
And are there signs of blossoms on the cherries?
And is the primrose seen?

And is the old sweet-brier in leaf, I wonder,
Above the little gate?
And are my people anxious as they ponder
On what has made me late?

A moment more and I shall see their faces
Grow bright with love and fun,
And eyes will look at me in dear home-places
To ask what I have done.

Alas! for dreams. I may not tell the story;
My eyes with tears grow blind;
I can but see the sunset in its glory,
My home I can not find.

Though I should search, I can not see the faces
Of friends of long ago;
For looking out on me from these strange places
Are eyes I do not know.

And birds and bells and breezes all are chiding
The folly of my thought.
One sad refrain, "Here there is none abiding,"
Comes to my heart unsought.

And only that there is another city
Of everlasting rest,
I well might mourn my lot in deep self-pity,
To be so little blest.

But safe within another Home's warm keeping
Are all my friends of old;
They are where changes come not; and no weeping
Is heard within that fold.

For heaven is full of strong abiding-places;
O God, that I may see,
When, morning breaks, the dear familiar faces
That are at home with Thee!

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain and sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinkingly say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

LOSS AND GAIN.

LORD, it is utterly nothing, nothing I bring to Thee,
Thou hast let the light of Thy Heaven down so I can plainly see;

I thought I had wealth and worth to bring, and a
portion of love and bliss;
Nor dreamed the whole of my fanciful store
could shrivel and fade to this.

Lord, it is utterly nothing, I bring with shame
and tears;
The gathered griefs and sorrows of fruitless and
faithless years;
The fires that are burned to ashes, the hopes that
are dead and lost,
Flowers nourished and cherished fondly, grown
sere with the early frost.

Lord, it is *worse* than nothing, yet all that I have
to bring
Is here in the hapless burden laid down at the
feet of the King.
I would I could make it worthy, could lighten
with stars the night,
Could wring out the sin and sorrow, and wash
the offering white.

It is finished, my bootless labor, my quest for a
living tree
Whose branches might sweeten and brighten the
Marah of misery;
It is finished, my useless striving, my struggles
for worth of my own;
I can only fall down with my burden, and trust
in Thy grace alone.

And, oh, where I fall Thou hast found me! and, oh, Thou art lifting me up!
And into the sea of Thy mercy the sin and the suffering drop.
The arms of Thy love are beneath me, the seal of Thy troth on my hand.
Oh, love that is infinite, holy! O Presence supernal and grand!

I give Thee my striving and straying, and take back a heaven of peace,
I give Thee my efforts unskillful—and fruitless—thrice blessed release;
I take back Omnipotence holy, and tender, and loving, and true,
Oh, barter the wonder of wonders! Oh, grandeur that glimmers in view!

Oh, law that is flawless and dreaded! O Victim of Calvary slain!
In *Thee* are fulfilled its requirements, on Thee are the wrath and the pain.
O Lamb that didst bear in their fullness the curse and the woe that were mine;
The saber uplifted to slay me is sheathed in the Victim divine.

A FOGGY MORNING.

A SMALL, close world it seems to-day,
With fog about us, chill and gray,
As if had giant spiders spun
Their webs between us and the sun;
Nor any wind had strength to stir
Their leagues on leagues of gossamer.

Dim shapes of elm and locust wait,
Like shadowy sentinels, at the gate,
They outline 'gainst the ghostly white
The utmost limit of our sight;
There is no street, no passer-by,
No spire, no mountain-peak, no sky.

And yet a strong wind rushing forth,
With cool fresh breath from out the North,
Would part this cobweb veil in twain,
And bring the sweet world back again—
The blue of sky, the fervid sun,
And all bright things he shines upon.

As these gray mists, so doubts arise,
Vague, yet with chill to blot the skies;
A power to shadow and efface,
To shut the soul in narrow space,
Impalpable, and yet so vast,
That all the world is overcast.

But let the word of truth be sent,
The dreary folds are shaken and rent;
Again beams forth the blessed sun;
Again the world's blithe work goes on;
Hope brightens as the barriers fall,
And God's blue sky bends over all.

THE SAME PATH.

"FAINT not, e'en though the road be rough and dreary
That leads thee home to God;
In the same path, with footsteps worn and weary,
Thy great Redeemer trod.

"Thou bearest, lonely one, through the dark pathway,
The cross thy Master bore;
But He will strengthen, and His love will bless thee,—
What can'st thou ask for more?

"Though thy worn spirit bow with grief unspoken,
And faint beneath the load,
Come as thou art, all lonely, sad, forsaken,
And tell it to thy God.

"Thy Saviour knows each pang, each hidden sorrow,
He suffered even as we:
His hand will bear the load for thee too heavy,
His grace will strengthen thee.

"'Faint, yet pursuing,' speed thee on thy journey,
The night is nearly gone;
See o'er the distant hills those rays of glory,
Soon endless day shall dawn.

"Then in the dazzling light of that blest morning,
All clouds shall flee away,
And thou shalt learn with grateful heart to praise Him
Who led thee on thy way."

THOU KNOWEST.

LORD, Thou knowest, only Thou,
Just how to lead.
Just what cross 'tis best I bear,
Just what lot 'tis mine to share,
Just what I need.

Lord, Thou knowest what I am,
How frail, how weak,—

My bark would founder in the tide,
Were not the Pilot by my side,
Of cheer to speak.

Lord, Thou knowest, only Thou,
Just what is best,—
'Mid the world's soul-wearing fret,
Burning heat or chilling wet,
In Thee is rest.

Lord, Thou lovest, and Thy love
Doth bring no smart.—
Dearest earthly love may fail,—
Thine outlasteth every gale,
And fills the heart.

"I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE."

LUKE xxii. 32.

FAINT not, weary pilgrim,
Faint not by the way,
Listen to your Saviour—
What doth Jesus say?
"Ever as the day is,
So thy strength shall be;
Let not courage fail thee,
I have prayed for thee."

What though sore temptations
Meet you in the way,
Fear not, humble Christian,
Drive your fears away.
In thy tribulations
Look to Calvary;
Hear your dying Saviour
Praying still for thee.

Though the raging tempter,
Seeking for his prey,
Tries to turn your footsteps
From the narrow way;
If you firm resist him,
He will from you flee;
Fear not, you will conquer,
Jesus prays for thee.

What though friends forsake you,
Earthly comforts fail,
Cast your care on Jesus,
Let not fears prevail;
See your loving Saviour,
Suff'ring on the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,
Praying still for thee.

What though you may meet with
Trials in the way,

Lean upon your Saviour,
He will be your stay.
Onward press with courage.
Feeble though you be,
Never be disheartened—
"I have prayed for thee."

How these words of comfort
Heavenly joy impart!
May they be forever
Stamped upon my heart.
Blessèd consolation,
Naught so sweet can be
As the words of Jesus—
"I have prayed for thee."

A LEGEND OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

'TIS said where Strasburg's glorious spire
Its sculptured beauty lifts on high,
One lovely, polished stone is found,
Though now unseen by mortal eye.

Long years agone—when love and zeal
Aspired the holy fane to raise—
A peasant woman longed to aid
In building up God's house of praise.

Over one stone her loving care
For many a weary year was poured,
Till, bowed with age, at last she brought
Her finished offering to the Lord.

"Too late," the builder kindly said,
"Your offering comes, no place below
Is left in which your polished stone
Its beauty to the world can show.

"Far up upon the lofty spire
One little niche is left to hold
Your gift, but ah! no human eye
Your work of love can there behold!"

A smile lit up her old, worn face;
"That niche is just the place for me—
My stone will meet the eyes I love—
The angels and my Lord can see."

Think you, among the priceless gifts
Lavished on that Cathedral grand,
One gift of greater worth was given
Than that brought by the peasant's hand?

Ah, no! to win the praise of men
Full many a treasure there was poured,
While she a life-time gladly spent
To make hers only for her Lord.

The stone our love has polished long,
In life's cathedral may not gain
An honored place, but not for that
Was love's work ever wrought in vain.

Be sure the waiting niche is kept
For all work wrought by loving hands;
Where the cathedral God has built
In Heaven's emblazoned glory stands.

TWO EPITAPHS.

["Memento mori." "Gedenke zu Leben."]

"THINK of Death" the gravestones say—
"Peace to Life's mad striving!"
But the churchyard daisies—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

"Think of Life!" the sunbeams say,
O'er the dial flying;
But the slanting shadows—"Nay,
Think of Dying!"

"Think of Death!" the night-birds say,
On the storm blast driving;
But the building swallows—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

"Think of Life!" the broad winds say,
Through the old trees sighing;
But the whirling leaf-dance—"Nay,
Think of Dying!"

"Think of Death!" the sad bells say,
Fateful record giving;
Clash the merry Yule-peal—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

Dying, Living, glad or loath,
On God's Rood relying;
Pray He fit us all for both—
Living, Dying!

LOST NAMES.

"Those women which labored with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow-laborers whose names are in the book of life."

THEY lived and they were useful: this we know
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died:
They did their work, and then they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well.
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell;
One only thing is known of them, they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer,
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth that they might be
Helper, or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Although unknown;
And there lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me

A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all His grace.

TRUST AND REST.

FRET not, poor heart. The sorrows sore
That crush thy life, the Saviour bore
Once for thy sake. Yea, this and more.
God's way is best;
Then trust and rest.

Though thy hot head, with throbbing pain,
Seek for a resting-place in vain,
While blinding tears fall like the rain.
Peace, heart. Be still;
Bow to God's will.

Though torturing pain thy spirit fills,
And every nerve in anguish thrills,
Receive in patience what He wills.
He sends no pain
But for thy gain.

Be still, my heart. These yearnings wild
Are all in vain. Be reconciled.
'Tis but in love. Thou art His child.
Trust, then, God's will.
Peace, heart. Be still.

No mortal ear can hear thy cry;
He's near who hears thy faintest sigh;
He hears thee—loves thee tenderly.
In time of need,
A friend indeed.

Oh, could we trust and love Thee more,
Who for our sake such anguish bore,
Our hearts would not be faint and sore,
Lord, send Thy peace,
And pain shall cease.

HAPPY BAND.

OH! happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your head.

Oh! happy, if ye labor,
As Jesus did, for men;
Oh! happy, if ye hunger,
As Jesus hungered then.

The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you!

The faith by which ye see Him;
The hope in which ye yearn;
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

The trials that beset you;
The sorrows ye endure;
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

What are they but His jewels
Of bright celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

Oh! happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies
Where such a "light affliction"
Shall win so great a prize!

UNBELIEF.

THERE is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart! light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The Future," trusts that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

IN THE MORNING.

John xxi. 4.

THEY had toiled all night, and caught nothing,
But Jesus stood on the shore,
In the gray, glad light of the morning,
And His face was kind as of yore;

So all their trouble was over,
And ended the weary pain
Of the work that was unrewarded,
And their hearts had joy again.

He looked at them all with pity;
So hungry and tired they were,
And sad with the disappointment
That followed their toil and care!
But the Master gave them a morning
Sunny, and glad, and sweet,
With a harvest caught from the water,
And a feast spread for them to eat.

We, too, have our nights of darkness;
But whenever the morning breaks
And shows us the Saviour near us,
Our life a new gladness takes;
His coming is always sunshine,
And happiness, rest, and peace·
The burden of care is lifted,
And sorrow and sighing cease.

O Jesus, where'er we journey,
Grant that the way may end
With Thee on the shore beside us,
A pitiful, mighty Friend!
And then, as we fight with the waters
Our hearts shall with hope grow strong,
The morning shall bring us a respite,
With leisure for praiseful song.

We know there is yet before us
  A more mysterious night,
But we safely shall pass through its shadows,
  To the shores of the land of light.
And we can not picture the glory
  And the joy that there shall be.
But this is the best of heaven—
  That there we shall dwell with Thee.

"*TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.*"

"The Christian should be like a little bird, which sits on its twig and sings, and lets God think for it."—LUTHER.

LIKE Luther's bird, I sit and sing,
  Not knowing what the day may bring;
Nor have I any need to know,
My Father doth protect me so.

I do the work He gives to me,
Not heeding what or where it be;
And more my Father will not ask,
Than that I do my daily task.

He sees, He knows my every need,
Then why should I take careful heed?
He bids me cast on Him my care,
And every burden He will bear.

Each day will bring some new surprise,
Some token of His watchful eyes;

If trouble come to Him I fly,
Who doth my every want supply.

Who, then, so free and glad as I,
With such a Friend forever nigh?
Beneath His shadow I may hide,
And safely in His love abide.

And so I calmly sit and sing,
Content with what each day may bring;
My Father orders for the best,
And in His will I find my rest.

"IF ANY MAN OPEN."

LAST night I dreamed, as on my bed I lay,
That dismal fear took hold upon my mind:
Swayed wildly by the moaning wintry wind,
The trees were waving in the rain-splashed lane,
And yet upon the curtained window-pane
There was a brightness as of summer day.
Then, hushed as is the land-breeze on the sea,
A gentle whisper, Jesus, came from Thee;
So I arose and flung the casement wide,
To see whence swept the sweet faint sounds, the light;
The Lord walked on the road, and loud I cried
As He did pass my door into the night,

"Master, where dost Thou go? Where wander still?"
And Jesus spake and said, "Against thy will
I can not ope, the bar is on thy side."

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"OH, give me a message of quiet,"
I asked in my morning prayer;
"For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible
And looked at a page of psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was soothed by its summer-calms;
For the words that have helped so many,
And that ages have made more dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words come down to me—
"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is He;

Each generation praiseth
His works of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowèd down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!
I knew that the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by and by;
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me
Whatever might betide.

TWO GATES.

OPEN the East Gate now,
And the day come in,
The day with unstained brow,
Untouched by care or sin.
For her we watch and wait,
Wait with the birds and dew;
Open the Eastern Gate,
And let the daylight through.

Uplift thy daily toil
With brain as fresh and clear,
Strong hands that have no soil
And heart untouched by fear.

Marching unto thy noon,
  Marching unto thy rest,—
When shadows lengthen, soon
  Comes calm and peaceful rest.

Open the Western Gate,
  And let the daylight go
In pomp of royal state,
  In rose and amber glow.
It is so late, so late,
  The birds sing sweet and low,—
Open the Western Gate
  And let the daylight go.

Lay down thy daily toil,
  Glad of thy labor done,
Glad of the night's assoil,
  Glad of thy wages won;
With hearts that fondly wait,
  With grateful hearts aglow,
Pray at the Western Gate,
  And let the daylight go.

Pray at the Eastern Gate
  For all the day can ask;
Pray at the Western Gate,
  Holding thy finished task.
It waxeth late, so late,
  The nights fall cold and gray;
But through Life's Western Gate
  Dawns Life's Eternal Day,

THE STRANGER.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

AN aged man came late to Abraham's tent,
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent;
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east.
Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies,
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.
But his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod,
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?"
He answered, "Nay." The Patriarch sadly said:
"Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread."

Another came that wild and fearful night.
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
Who made thee master of thy Master's bread?
What right had'st thou the wanderer forth to cast?"

"Forgive me, Lord," the Patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee
"Ah, me! the stranger might with me have stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait:
Could'st thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

EN VOYAGE.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way.
But leave it to a Higher will
To stay or speed me—trusting still

That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

JUST to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As He will:
Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain
As he lends it;
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we can not understand
All that stings;
Just let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing;
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best;
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

A CHANGED HYMN.

"JESUS, lover of my soul,"
Bids me in His bosom stay,
And though billows round me roll,
I am safely hid away;
For He holds me in His arms,
Quite beyond the temptest's reach,
And He whispers to my heart
Words unknown to human speech.

"Other refuge have I none,"
He my habitation is;
Here no evil can befall,
I am kept in perfect peace.

I am covered all day long,
With the shadow of His wing;
Dwell in safety through the night,
Waking, this is what I sing:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"
Rests my helpless soul in Thee;
Thou wilt never leave alone,
Nor forget to comfort me.
Thou hast saved my soul from death,
Thou hast scattered doubts and fears,
And the sunshine of Thy face
Sweetly drieth all my tears.

"Thou of Life the foundation art,"
Thou dost wash me white as snow;
I'm content to dwell apart
From all else, Thy love to know.
Blessed Sun of Righteousness,
I so love to look on Thee,
That my eyes are growing blind
To the things once dear to me.

SPIKENARD.

WHAT was that box of spikenard, Lord,
Which Mary brought, and at Thy feet
Broke, and the ointment on Thee poured,
The while Thou sat'st with them at meat?

The house with the sweet smell was filled,
And all the chambers of the years
Are fragrant with those odors spilled,
And tender with that dew of tears.

O Lord! do I not likewise bring
Before Thee, as I lowly kneel,
My costly grief—that hidden thing—
And for Thee only break the seal?

Thou seest, human as Thou art,
Yet glorified in God again,
The broken box—a human heart,
The precious oil—its chrism of pain!

THOSE PIERCED HANDS.

JESUS, forever more
My heart demands
That Thou to bless me stretch
Those pierced Hands!

Those Hands that once were flung
So wide apart,
With longing to embrace
The great World's heart.

O hold me with those Hands
From outward sin;

Wash in their cleansing blood
From sin within.

Hold them before my eyes,
That I may see
Through their dear wounds the Home
They bought for me.

Hold them before my eyes,
That I may scan
Through them, and them alone,
My brother-man.

Lay them upon my lips,
A watch to keep;
And sanctify the words
That I shall speak.

Sprinkle with those dear Hands
My earthly store;
Into each bitter cup
Their healing pour.

Hold out those Hands to me,
And let me thrust
My finger in their wounds,
That I may trust

Those wounds were made for me,
And cry aloud—

"Thou art, Thou art indeed,
My Lord! My God!"

And when my dying head
Sore needeth rest,
Lift it with those dear Hands
Unto Thy breast.

Then, when the righteous Judge
My plea demands,
In simple faith, I'll clasp
Those pierced Hands.

ONE SONG.

IT is not mine to run
With eager feet,
Along life's crowded ways,
My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour
The oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe
And linen fine.

It is not mine to break
At his dear feet
The alabaster-box
Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear
  His heavy cross,
Or suffer, for His sake,
  All pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk
  Through valleys dim,
Or climb far mountain-heights
  Alone with Him.

He hath no need of me
  In grand affairs,
Where fields are lost, or crowns
  Won unawares.

Yet, Master, if I may
  Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter, for Thy sake,
  Through one short hour;

If I, in harvest fields,
  Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
  For love to keep;

May speak one quiet word
  When all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
  To bear Thy will;

Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more!

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

I WAS weary of planning and working,
And my frame seemed strangely weak,
And I took up the old black volume
As I settled into my seat.

Seeking no special chapter;
Drifting just here and there;
Listlessly turning the pages,
To read what the tide should bear.

Feeling that not a creature
Knew of the heavy load
Which I was striving to carry
Over the rugged road.

And this was the loving sentence,
Opening the book, I read
"Casting your care upon Him,"
Were the words the writer said.

And then like a strain of music,
Came thrilling the language sweet,
"He careth for you." How blessed!
How beautiful! How complete!

Travel we sad and lonely
Over life's rough highway,
Veiling our deepest sorrows,
Carefully, day by day.

What if our griefs are hidden
E'en from our dearest friend,
When the compassionate Saviour
Over the soul will bend?

Caring, as no one earthly
Ever had love to care!
Bearing, as no one earthly
Ever had strength to bear!

Beautiful words of blessing!
Making the darkness light;
He who beholds the sparrow
Keepeth us ever in sight.

OUR SHIPS.

IN those bright summer mornings when I row
Far out, with winds and waters sweeping free,
Among the stately boats that come and go,
I join the toy-ships going out to sea;

Each little ship propelled by paper sails,
And given with shouts to billows and to gales!

Ah, happy boys! that launch your ships away,
  Playing the merchant long before your time,
We men are like you to our dying day,
  Still sending ships to every distant clime.
And while to have them back we watch and yearn,
You send them forth and look for no return.

In youth our ships for rosy love we sent,
  (Long since they went in those glad days of old)
Some went for fame, and some for power went,
  And then we sent whole fleets to bring us gold;
And of all the ships we sent across the main,
Not one in thousands came to us again!

But I believe our ships are gone before,
  Gone to that Better Land to which we go;
There, one by one, they gather to the shore,
  Blown safely in by all the winds that blow.
And we shall find them on some happy day,
Moored fast and waiting in the Golden Bay!

THE MONK AND HIS LORD.

A LEGEND of the olden time,
When Holy Church was in her prime,

Tells of a monk, unknown to fame;
No ancient record holds his name:

His daily task, the meal to spread
On which his holy brothers fed.

As in his cell he mused one day,
Just as he bowed himself to pray,

The blessed Saviour from on high
Appeared before his wondering eye.

A gracious smile was on His face,
His radiant presence filled the place.

The monk knelt down in humble prayer,
Delighted, for his Lord was there.

As thus he worshiped in his cell,
High noon had come; he heard the bell

That called him forth the meal to spread
On which each day his brothers fed.

What shall he do? That gracious face,
While he is gone, may leave the place.

He heard the call; to duty went,
And when his hour of toil was spent,

Released from duty by the bell,
Came quickly to his humble cell.

His patient Lord still lingered there,
With pleasant smile and gracious air.

Then first His lips the silence broke,
These were the words the Master spoke:

"Hadst thou been false to duty's call,
Thou hadst not found me here at all."

So runs the legend: doubt who will,
But blessing waits on duty still.

And he who serves his brother best,
Gets nearer God than all the rest.

THE SOWER.

IN the dim dawning sow thy seed,
And in the evening stay not thy hand,
What it will bring forth—wheat or weed—
Who can know, or who understand?
Few will heed,
Yet sow thy seed.

See the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee night lingers still,
Flapping their fatal wings, come the black foes,
Following, following over the hill.
No repose;
Sow thou thy seed.

We, too, went sowing in glad sunrise;
Now it is twilight, sad shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see here? But God seeth all.
Fast life flies;
Sow the good seed.

Though we may cast it with trembling hand,
Spirit half broken, heart-sick and faint,
His winds will scatter it over the land,
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from taint,
Sinner or saint,
Sow the good seed.

A CHRISTIAN CROSSLESS CAN NOT BE.

A CHRISTIAN crossless can not be!
Then why this perturbation,
When God, with grief and pain seeks thee,
Thou child of His salvation?
The more the smart,
Dearer thou art;
The strokes that fall upon thee
Display the love that won thee

A Christian crossless can not be!
Than this, God wills, the rather,
That grief and pain thyself should see,
Come down from God, the Father.

Since it is so,
'Tis well I know:
His love's own hand extending,
No plagues can He be sending.

A Christian crossless can not be!
Whence comes the art of praying?
How from the world's vain pomp to flee,
The soul on Jesus staying?
Fling it not off,
With bitter scoff,
As though to God no debtor:
It comes to make thee better.

A Christian crossless can not be!
Else what would us awaken,
When floating soft on sin's smooth sea,
Untroubled and unshaken?
Down comes the blight
Of death's dark night;
The last great trumpet calling,
Wakes us to woes appalling.

A Christian crossless can not be!
Thy hateful sins eschewing,
It brings thee humbly to the knee,
Thy love to God renewing.
Vain world aside,
Let God abide!

Bethink thee! Ah, it moves thee;
Eternal goodness loves thee.

Without a cross, nor would I be!
I'll bear all that God sends me;
The strokes that come I will not flee,
For still His wing defends me.
Then welcome fall
His chast'nings all;
With Christ, now uncomplaining,
At last forever reigning!

ONLY WAIT.

WHEN the spirit, worn and weary,
'Neath its daily load of care,
Finds the pathway long and dreary
And the burden hard to bear;
Tired with hoping, faint with fearing,
Sighs to reach the golden gate,
Then, in accents soft and cheering,
Patience whispers, "Only wait;
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait."

Oh, sad hearts, whose soundless sorrow
Dares not let a murmur fall,

Only wait and trust the morrow—
God's great love is over all.
Only wait, oh, wounded spirit,
By the cross of life weighed down;
Thou shalt surely earth inherit—
Bear the cross and win the crown;
For a brighter day is dawning,
Joy awaits us in the morning—
In the beauty of the morning—
Only wait.

TOIL AND REST.

WHEN sets the weary sun
And the long day is done,
And starry orbs their solemn vigils keep;
When, bent with toil and care,
We breathe our evening prayer,
God gently giveth His beloved sleep!

When by some sland'rous tongue
The heart is sharply stung,
And with the curse of cruel wrong we weep;
How like some heavy calm
Comes down the soothing balm,
What time He giveth His beloved sleep.

Oh, sweet and blessed rest,
With these sore burdens pressed,
To lose ourselves in slumber long and deep;

To drop our heavy load
Beside the dusty road,
When He hath given His beloved sleep!

And on our closed eyes
What visions may arise!
What sights of joy to make the spirit leap!
What mem'ries may return
From out their golden urn,
If God but giveth His beloved sleep.

And when life's day shall close
In death's last deep repose,
When the dark shadows o'er the eyelids creep,
Let us not be afraid
At this last thickening shade,
For so God giveth His beloved sleep.

To sleep? It is to wake
When the fresh day shall break—
When the new sun climbs up the eastern steep;
To wake with new-born powers,
Out from the darkened hours,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

To die? It is to rise
To fairer, brighter skies,
Where death no more shall his dread harvest reap;

To soar on angel wings
Where life immortal springs—
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

MY REFUGE.

IN the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For, when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath his shadow—this shall then be your reward;

And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy
meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness
of your joy.
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy,
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus'
side;
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"HOW tenderly Thy word of peace falls on
our hearts to-day!
We plead its sweet assurance, as in faith and
hope we pray,
O Saviour, through the varied scenes of the
new, untried year,
Grant grace sufficient:—let us feel Thy presence ever near.

"Grace for our daily work and toil, that, keeping
by Thy side,
In homeliest duties, trivial cares, Thou may'st
be glorified;

Grace, when perplexed or tried, we cry for light
and help to Thee,
Our Counselor, direct us then: our Strength
and Wisdom be.

"Grace for the endless conflict, for the never-
ceasing race,
Thy word is sure,—Thou givest us the victory
by Thy grace,
All weakness we, our cares, our fears, our sinful
selves we lay
Low at Thy Cross: Thy precious blood will wash
all stains away.

"Grace, if in love Thou bid'st us, Lord, the cup
of sorrow drink;
It is Thy hand that holds that cup: suffer us
not to shrink,—
But in our pain and weakness, let Thy strength
made perfect be;
In every dark and weary hour, Jesus, we rest in
Thee.

"So, Saviour, keep us close to Thee, and grant
us, day by day,
Thy never-failing grace and strength, along our
heavenward way;
Our waiting hearts rest in Thy word, our eyes
are unto Thee,
Till when our pilgrim days are done, Thy glory
we shall see."

THE UNNOTICED BOUND.

WHEN passing southward, I may cross the line
Between the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans,
I may not tell, by any test of mine,
By any startling signs or strange commotions
Across my track.

But if the days grow sweeter, one by one,
And e'en the icebergs melt their hardened faces,
And sailors linger, basking in the sun,
I know I must have made the change of places
Some distance back!

When answering timidly the Master's call,
I passed the bourne of life in coming to Him;
When in my love for Him I gave up all—
The very moment when I thought I knew Him,
I can not tell.

But, as unceasingly I feel His love—
As this cold heart is melted to o'erflowing—
As now so dear the light comes from above,
I wonder at the change—and move on, knowing
That all is well.

MY SAVIOUR AND I.

HE is waiting for me; I know He is there,
As I wearily climb the long winding stair;
He is waiting above in my lonely room,
'Mid the evening shadows, and dark'ning gloom,
And my feet have passed in through the open door;
His arms are outstretched, His sweet smile I see,
He says, "Thou art weary! child, come unto me;
Come tell me thy sorrows. thy pains, and thy fears,
Thy hopes unfulfilled through wearisome years,
Though the story is old and thou'st told it before,
Yet 'twill ease thy sad heart to repeat o'er and o'er
To one who so loves thee thy story of grief,—
For witness! I failed ne'er to give thee relief;
Nay, fear not to open thy sad soul to me,
I was tempted, my child, in all points like thee."

So we sit in the twilight, my Saviour and I,
While the stars twinkle out in the beautiful sky;
We talk it all over,—my pains and my fears,
My hopes unfulfilled through wearisome years,
Of duties neglected, ingratitude shown
To a friend who is love and mercy alone—
Until self-convicted, I start and would fly;
But His soft hand restrains me, "Fear not, it is I;

And thou knowest my love; I freely forgive;
Be strong! of good courage! I'll help thee to live
Henceforth a life truer, more noble, and pure;
Remember the promise to those who endure."

Some way as we talk there my sad heart grows
light,
And my sorrows seem naught, they fade out of
sight,
He strengthens and calms me, and soothes me to
rest,
With my hand in His—my head on His breast
Like John, the beloved, who lay there of old;
And, like him, I drink in such comfort untold
That life's woes all recede, its clamors all cease,
While His kind, tender smile fills my soul with
sweet peace,
And the stars twinkle out on the beautiful sky,
As we sit in the twilight,—" my Saviour and I."

TELL IT TO GOD.

WHATEVER troubles thee,
Tell it to God;
All thy anxiety,
Tell it to God;
For ev'ry earthly grief
This is thy sweet relief—
Tell it to God.

That pain which none may know,
Tell it to God;
That word which grieved thee so,
Tell it to God;
Each has no ready cure,
God's sympathy is sure—
Tell it to God.

Hast thou impatient been?
Tell it to God;
Art prone through this to sin?
Tell it to God;
He knows thy weakness all,
Will help thee lest thou fall,
Tell it to God.

Does care corrode thy life?
Tell it to God;
Art weary with the strife?
Tell it to God;
He says, bring all thy care
To me, to help thee bear—
Tell it to God.

Art grieving o'er thy loss?
Tell it to God;
Art sinking 'neath thy cross?
Tell it to God;
He can assuage thy pain,
He will with grace sustain—
Tell it to God.

Whate'er may thee befall,
Tell it to God;
Thy grief or great or small,
Tell it to God;
To Him bring each request,
In Him find joy and rest—
Tell all to God.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

WHEN Grief shall come to thee,
Think not to flee,
For Grief, with steady pace,
Will win the race;
Nor crowd her forth with Mirth,
For at thy hearth,
When Mirth is tired and gone,
Will Grief sit on;
But make of her thy friend,
And in the end
Her counsels will grow sweet;
And, with swift feet,
Three lovelier than she
Will come to thee—
Calm Patience, Courage strong,
And Hope—ere long.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

THE wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-will
Meets all its wants.

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till, sweet to taste and fafr to sight,
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunder-bolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane—
When they are spent, it doth remain,
The tree God knows

Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows,—
A little seed,—it soon will grow,
And far and near all men will know,
For heavenly lands He bids it blow.
A seed God sows,
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death, it groweth right,
Forever grows.

LOVEST THOU ME?

IF Christ the Lord should come to-day,
As erst to Peter by the sea,
And low and tenderly should say,
"Oh, my disciple. lovest thou Me?"
To thee and me,—
What would our answer be?

"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest," if we should cry
With ready lip and beaming glance,
"We'd stand for Thee, 'neath any sky,
With flag unfurled and lifted lance,"
For thee and me
Would this the answer be?

And if He showed His hands and feet,
Sore wounded on the cruel cross—
And asked us still in accents sweet,
"Nay! lov'st thou Me in pain and loss?"
From thee and me
What could the answer be?

For life is like a summer day,
So bright, so full, so glad, so strong!
And roses strew the onward way,
And we are marching with a song—
For thee and me
What answer could there be?

Just this: "We surely love Thee, Lord;
Our wills are weak, our hearts are poor,
But clinging to Thee, in Thy word
We trust, and we shall aye endure"—
For Thee and me
This would the answer be.

It would not do for us to boast;
We have no merit, we are frail,
Our strength is weariness at most,
And oft when we are tried we fail.
"But we trust Thee"—
This would our answer be.

And bliss and bane, and joy and grief,
And all things work for good if we

Can answer, "Yea. Lord," swift and brief
To that keen question, "Lovest thou Me?"
For thee and me
This should the answer be.

PROSPECTS.

A SON and heir just now,
What shall we be?
Ah! here we can not know.
But, when we see
Christ in His glory—brighter far
Shall we appear
Than sun, or moon, or star!
We shall be near,
And like Him then shall be.
With glorious dress,—
A shining robe, for you and me
His righteousness.

LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

LIFE to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp, and cutting edges.
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;

Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows.
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Every thing and any thing
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! yon mole-hill seems a mountain;
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power;
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and loyal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor,
Not for one alone woe's vials,
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and clouded weather—
May we have—O let us pray!—
Faith and patience for to-day.

WAYFARING.

THE way is long, O Lord, that leads
To cooling springs and fragrant meads;
I weary of its weary length,
I lose all heart and hope and strength,
As here I halt my tired feet
And pray for rest so far, so sweet.

I thank thee for a halting-place,
Made glad by thine own smiling face;
I thank Thee that the dusty way
Thy footsteps knoweth day by day;
I thank Thee that some path there be
From pain and care to peace and Thee.

I know my times are in Thy hand,
I long for light to understand
How Thou canst for each pilgrim care,
How Thou canst hear each pleading prayer;
How unto Thee each soul is known
As if it walked the world alone.

And sometime I may comprehend,
The way is long, but at its end
A clearer vision waits the sight,
In Thy dear garden of delight;
Wayfaring done, let me abide
Where never falls an eventide.

HAD NOT.

THE world had clung too closely round our hearts,
Through long and sunlit years,
And life had been too beautiful to yield,
Had not our God sent tears.

The summer day had wearied with its length,
Though swift its hours and bright,
We had not known the freshness of the morn,
Had not our God sent night.

The fierce glare of the noon-day sun would blind,
Had we no tempest rain;
We should not seek our Father's face did He
Send down no mist of pain.

Life's road had been more rugged still and rough,
More dull time's heavy hours,
More weary still our drooping eyes and hearts,
Had not our God sent flowers.

Sin would have been less deadly in our sight
Had not the fleeting breath
Left the chill clay, its awful curse to show,
In the dread power of death.

And life to weary souls had been too hard,
And Heaven itself ne'er won,
Had not the God of Love looked down on earth
And sent to us His Son.

MY PRAYER.

UNTO Thine ear, O Lord,
My feeble voice I raise;
A lowly suppliant at Thy throne,
I sing eternal praise.

And ask Thy blessing, Lord,
On every daily task,
And seek Thy Holy Spirit's aid—
This, this alone I ask.

Oh, call me not from earth
Until my task for Thee
Is done, according to Thy will,
O Lord, whate'er it be. AMEN.

THE YESTERDAYS.

I TAKE your gifts, oh, yesterdays,
And safe from all unfriendly eyes
I set them one by one away,
Secure from change or sore surprise.

I take your gifts, glad yesterdays!
And when I turn from work to play,
From care to rest, they'll make me joy,
And make my heart its holiday.

I take your gifts, sad yesterdays—
  The better deeds I might have done,
The tears I might have wiped away,
  The higher heights I might have won.

Ye show, oh, tearful yesterdays,
  How poor my life's most perfect part;
Your tear the crown of pride away,
  And give instead the pitying heart.

I see the wave of summer woods,
  I hear the lapse of far-off streams,
The murmur of the honeyed pines
  Runs sweet and low along my dreams.

And still a tender heart enfolds
  A faded face, a haunting tone—
The lingering fragrance of a joy
  One yesterday made all its own.

I take your gifts, rich yesterdays!
  Henceforth may no soul call me poor;
Fortune may strip her guards away,
  The wealth of all the past is sure.

We jostle in the careless crowd;
  We meet, we part, we go our ways;
But each, unseen, bears up to God
  The sum of all his yesterdays.

THE GATHERING-PLACE.

I KNOW not where—beneath, above—
The gathering-place so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love,
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh! wealthy with all wealth of grace,
Of noble heart, of fair, sweet face,
Is that exalted meeting-place!

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of walls as white as snow, wind-driven,
Of lofty arches grandly cold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs and tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face;
Where little children play and sing,
And maidens and the old men bring
Their tributes to the gracious King.

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad homeland not far away!

Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own!

And as we think of all we knew,
Who there have met and part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er;
So poor the world, now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest,
And be from sin and sorrow freed,
So we will wait with patient grace,
Till in that blessed gathering-place
We meet our friends and see His face.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

UNANSWERED yet, the prayers your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? tho' when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? faith can not be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock,
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere!

FAITH AND REASON.

TWO travelers started on a tour
With trust and knowledge laden;
One was a man with mighty brain,
And one a gentle maiden.

They joined their hands and vowed to be
  Companions for a season;
The gentle maiden's name was Faith,
  The mighty man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from the world,
  And every world a-near it;
All nature and all mind were his,
  But hers was only spirit.
If any stars were missed from heaven,
  His telescope could find them;
But while he only found the stars,
  She found the God behind them.

He sought for truth, above, below,
  All hidden things revealing;
She only sought it woman-wise,
  And found it in her feeling.
He said, "This earth's a rolling ball,
  And so doth science prove it";
He but discovered that it moves,
  She found the springs that move it.

He read with geologic eye
  The records of the ages,
Unfolding strata to translate
  Earth's wonder-written pages.
He dug around a mountain's base
  And measured it with plummet;
She leaped it with a single bound
  And stood upon the summit.

He brought to light the hidden force
In nature's labyrinths lurking,
And bound them to his onward car
To do his mighty working.
He sent his message 'round the earth,
And down where sea-gems glisten;
She sends hers up to God himself,
Who bends His ear to listen.

He tried from earth to forge a key
To ope the gate of Heaven;
That key was in the maiden's heart,
And back its bolts were driven.
They part; without her all is dark,
His knowledge vain and hollow,
For Faith has entered in with God,
Where Reason may not follow.

ANISE AND CUMIN.

WEARY with homely duties done,
Tired through treading day by day
Over and over from sun to sun,
One and the same small round alway,
Under her breath I heard her say:

"Oh, for the sweep of the keen-edged scythe,
Oh, for the swaths when the reaping's o'er—

Proof of the toil's success. *I* tithe
Anise and cumin—such petty store!
Cumin and anise—nothing more!

"Only a meagre garden-space,
Out of the world so rich and broad—
Only a strip of standing-place,
Only a patch of herb-strown sod
Given, in which to work for God.

"Yet is my hand as full of care
Under the shine and frost and rain,
Tending and weeding and watching there,
Even as though I deemed a wain
Were to be piled with sheaves of grain.

"Then, when the work is done, what cheer
Have I to greet me, great or small?
What that shall show how year by year,
Patient I've wrought at duty's call?
Anise and cumin—that is all!"

Turning, I raised the drooping head,
Just as I heard a sob arise:
"Anise and cumin and mint," I said,
(Kissing her over her aching eyes),
"Even our Lord doth not despise.

"Think you He looks for headed wheat
Out of your plot of garden-ground?

Think you He counts as incomplete
Service that from such scanty bound
Yields Him the tithing he has found?

What are to *Him* the world's wide plains?
Him who hath never a need to fill
Even one garner with our small gains?
Yet, if the plot *is* yours to till,
Tithe him the anise and cumin still!

A RELIC.

WE found, that night, when, free from pain at last,
She slumbered in the darkened room below,
In her old Bible, pressed and folded fast,
A flower gathered fifty years ago.

Wondering, we scanned it there, so brown with age,
So withered, and with curious eyes read o'er
The writing traced beneath it on the page—
A date, a dim initial—nothing more—

And asked, with eyes that filled we knew not why,
And hands that touched it gently, reverently,
What dear memorial of days gone by
This little faded floweret might be.

Why had she kept it hidden there away
Through all those years? What hopes, what joys that were,
What golden memory of some far-off day
Spoke softly from those withered leaves to her?

What potent talisman was this, to start
To life again that old forgotten time,
Renewing in her chill and wintry heart
The flush and fragrance of her youth's glad prime?

Had hand of lover gathered it that day,
That fair, bright summer day, so long ago?
What sweet, shy dreams lay folded there away?
What maiden hopes and fears? We might not know.

Silent we stood. We felt a sense of shame,
As those who, wandering, enter unaware
Some holy place. Ah, me, we were to blame!
Softly we turned and left it lying there.

But when we gathered for our last long look
Upon her in her calm and tranquil rest,
We drew the flower from the worn old book
And laid it gently on her peaceful breast.

LONGINGS.

WE long to lay down our burdens,
They heavier grow each day;
They drag us down in our journeyings,
As pilgrims we tread life's way—
There is no one can help us bear them,
So we toil on as best we may.

We long for a Rock that will shelter
When storm-clouds gather fast,
When strange voices speak in the thunder
And lightning shows us the past,
Bidding us dread the dim future
With its fiery furnace-blast.

We long for a place of refuge
Where nothing more can annoy,
Where strife must cease its warring,
And sorrow is crowned with joy—
A place where those who have suffered
Shall have pleasure without alloy.

We long for a stream of water
Where our thirsty souls may drink,
And rest in the shade of the green tree
That overhang its brink—
For we've walked in the sun at noon-day,
Till e'en too weary to think.

We long for the rest that remaineth
To God's people forever and aye—
The promise is sure if we listen,
And listening, trust and obey—
The rest that will still the wild beatings
Of hearts blindly groping for day.

We long for a peace—deep, eternal—
A peace that not almost, but quite,
Shall pass understanding, and better
Than joys of this world, howe'er bright.
For Heaven shall clothe with the garment
And crown with the crown of God's light.

We long with such passionate yearnings,
But for what we scarcely can tell;
We send our deep moan up to Heaven,
And ask God the tumult to quell—
In sorrow's pause cometh the answer,
"Be patient, child, all will be well."

"Yes, all will be well"—oh, what comfort!
Let sad eyes no longer then weep.
And still other promise assures us,
He gives His beloved ones sleep.
So let us cling fast to hope's anchor,
Forgetting our cries from the deep.

GOOD-BYE.

WHO knows to-day that our "good-bye"
At first was not a wish but prayer;
A thought of help forever nigh,
And "God be with you" everywhere?

"Not as the world doth give," said He—
Who of all men on earth was true—
To His disciples tenderly,
"Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He, "Peace with you I leave,
My peace, O friends, to you I give;
Let not your hearts be sad—believe!
They that believe in Me shall live."

Oh, that upon our hearts might He
Breathe evermore that self-same word!
And, oh, that our "good-bye" might be
Prayer for the presence of our Lord!

Could clearer, surer pledge be given?
Could even He a better send
Than that with which He went to heaven—
"Lo, I am with you to the end?"

What need we but with trustful heart
Cling to His word of hope and cheer,
And say, "With me Thou always art,
Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then as along these earthly ways
With weary feet we go and come,
Long winter nights, long summer days,
But every footfall nearer home—

"Not as the world," our lips shall say
Peace and good-bye whene'er we part,
Until we reach, some coming day,
The blessing of the pure in heart.

SECURE.

THE winds blow hard. What then?
He holds them in the hollow of His hand;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;
At His command the shades will flee away.
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?
For Israel's host the waves upright stood;
And He whose power controlled that raging flood
Still succors helpless men.

He knoweth all; the end
Is clear as the beginning to His eye;
Then walk in peace, secure though storms roll by;
He knoweth all, O friend!

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

WE mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our loaded hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,
As the patriarchs sat at the open door
Of their tents, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of, comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest.
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah, yes, till then! but when death intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for thee again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
Lamenting, day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should still retain
A sense of earthly pain;
It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,
Who loved us here, should on the further shore
Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning, not an end,
We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being foreshadowings of the future, thrown
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again!

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

THE quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Came back to tint this somber Christmas sky.

A lonely crow floats o'er the upland ranges,
A robin carols from the chestnut-tree;
The voice, that changes not amid our changes,
Sounds faintly from the melancholy sea.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly;
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side;
And in the stillness growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in this eventide.

They enter softly; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life;
We bid them welcome to their vacant places;
They won the peace, and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths they trod;
Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God!

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words, and looks of cold disdain;
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven
Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light;
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother,
Comes to his birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
O best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest.

UNDER THE SNOW.

UNDER the snow the violets lie,
To cheer and gladden us by and by;
Under the snow are things rich and rare,
Beautiful things are everywhere—
Everywhere under the snow!

Ask where lurks the life of the tree,
Swinging bare branches so lifelessly?
Where the home of the insect throng,
Summering so gaily those branches among?
Deep in the ground—under the snow!

Warm and safe the rich germs lie,
Unhurt and unharmed as the storms go by;
Germs of the fruitful, teeming year—
Germs of promise so wondrous fair,
In that safe bosom—under the snow!

And where the myriads of human form,
Awhile with life and being warm—

The hearts we cherished—the lips we loved,
From sight and sense so long removed?
All safely harbored—under the snow!

Under the snow? Yes—under the snow—
Deep—deep down—they go—they go—
From precincts warm with life and love,
To narrow chambers—on they move
And lie so peacefully—under the snow!

And is that all? Faith answers, No!
As we think of our dear ones under the snow,
"God's Acre" is filled—then—one by one,
Shall hear the trumpet's startling tone,
As it awakens—to endless life and home—
All who are His—under the snow!

"GOOD-BY, TILL MORNING."

"GOOD-BY, till morning come again,"
We part, but not with aught of pain,
The night is short, and hope is sweet,
It fills our hearts, and wings our feet;
And so we sing the glad refrain,
"Good-by, till morning come again."

"Good-by, till morning come again,"
The shade of death brings thought of pain,

But could we know how short the night
That falls, and hides them from our sight,
Our hearts would sing the glad refrain,
"Good-by, till morning come again."

GOD SPEAKS.

GOD speaks to hearts of men in many ways;
Some the red banner of the rising sun
Spread o'er the snow-clad hills has taught His praise;
Some the sweet silence when the day is done;
Some, after loveless lives, at length have won
His word in children's hearts and children's gaze;
And some have found Him where low rafters ring
To greet the hand that helps, the heart that cheers;
And some in prayer, and some in perfecting
Of watchful toil through unrewarding years;
And some not less are His, who vainly sought
His voice, and with His silence have been taught,
Who bore His chain that bade them to be bound,
And, at the end, in finding not, have found.

EYES WHICH SEE.

Luke x. 23.

WE grope and stumble long in pain and darkness,
We sit for years in woe and dreary night,

Because we think we need some other blessing
Than His dear presence and the Spirit's light.

We find ourselves too wise and far too prudent
To let God give us what He knows is best;
We want our own desires, our fleshly comforts,
We look not for His will, but for our rest.

And so the truth received is always hidden,
Till we have dreamed our earthly dreams of pride.
And we, with drooping eyes, have wandered grieving,
With Christ Himself, the risen, by our side.

Some joy that lately vanished to the westward,
We strive to follow with our weary wings,
Unheeding that, to eyes that watch its coming,
A dawn of healing from the eastward springs.

Lord, give us spirits trustful, child-like, humble,
And then anoint our blind, impassive eyes:
Lo! in our desert see the rose and lily!
From lowly toil eternal honors rise!

No longer, then, the need to grope in darkness,
If we have waked from earthly dreams of pride;
No matter where, with open eyes rejoicing,
We walk with Christ, the risen, by our side.

ONE LESSER JOY.

WHAT is the dearest happiness of heaven?
Ah, who shall say!
So many wonders, and so wondrous fair,
Await the soul who, just arrived there
In trance of safety, sheltered and forgiven,
Opens glad eyes to front the eternal day:

Relief from earth's corroding discontent,
Relief from pain,
The satisfaction of perplexing fears,
Full compensation for the long, hard years.
Full understanding of the Lord's intent,
The things that were so puzzling made quite plain:

And all astonished joy as, to the spot,
From further skies,
Crowd our beloved with white winged feet,
And voices than the chiming hearts more sweet,
Faces whose fairness we had half forgot,
And outstretched hands, and welcome in their eyes—

Heart can not image forth the endless store,
We may but guess.
But this one lesser joy I hold my own:
All shall be known in heaven; at last be known
The best and worst of me; the less, the more.
My own shall know—and shall not love me less.

Oh, haunting, shadowy dread which underlies
All loving here!
We inly shiver as we whisper low,
"Oh, if they knew—if they could only know,
Could see our naked souls without disguise—
How they would shrink from us and pale with fear."

The bitter thoughts we hold in leash within
But do not kill;
The petty anger and the mean desire,
The jealousy which burns—a smouldering fire—
The slimy trail of half-unnoted sin,
The sordid wish which daunts the nobler will.

We fight each day with foes we dare not name,
We fight, we fail!
Noiseless the conflict and unseen of men;
We rise, are beaten down, and rise again;
And all the time we smile, we move, the same,
And even to dearest eyes draw close the veil.

But in the blessed heaven these wars are past:
Disguise is o'er!
With new anointed vision, face to face,
We shall see all, and clasped in close embrace
Shall watch the haunting shadow flee at last,
And know as we are known, and fear no more.

HIS WAY.

GOD lets us go our way alone
  Till we are home-sick and distressed,
And humbly then come back to own
  His way is best.

He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock,
  And hunger in the wilderness,
Yet at our feeblest, faintest knock
  He waits to bless.

He lets us faint in far-off lands,
  And feed on husks and feel the smart,
Till we come home with empty hands
  And swelling heart.

But then for us the robe and ring,
  The Father's welcome and the feast,
While over us the angels sing—
  Tho' last and least.

MISSING.

LATE at night I saw the Shepherd
  Toiling slow along the hill,
Though the flock below were gathered
  In the fold so warm and still.

On His face I saw the anguish,
In His locks the drops of night,
As He searched the misty valleys,
As He climbed the frosty height.

Just one tender lamb was missing
When He called them all by name;
While the others heard and followed,
This one only never came.

Oft His voice rang through the darkness
Of that long, long night of pain;
Oft He vainly paused to listen
For an answering tone again.

Far away the truant sleeping
By the chasm of despair,
Lay unconscious of its danger,
Shivering in the mountain air.

But at last the Shepherd found it—
Found it ere in sleep it died;
Took it in His loving bosom,
And His soul was satisfied.

Then I saw the Eastern spaces
Part before the shining throng,
And the golden dome of morning
Seemed all shattered into song.

THE HOME-LAND.

O HOME-LAND! O Home-land!
I close my weary eyes,
And let the happy vision
Before my spirit rise.

O Home-land! O Home-land!
No lonely heart is there,
No rush of blinding anguish,
No slowly-dropping tear.
Now, like an infant crying,
Its mother's face to see,
O Mother-land! O Home-land!
I stretch my arms to thee!

O Home-land! O Home-land!
No moaning of the sick,
No crying of the weary,
No sighing of the weak.
But sound of children's voices,
And shout of saintly song,
Are heard thy happy highways,
And golden streets along.

O Home-land! O Home-land!
The veil is very thin
That stretches thy dear meadows
And this cold world between;

A breath aside may blow it,
  A heart-throb burst it through,
And bring in one glad moment
  Thy happy lands to view.

O Home-land! O Home-land!
  One—Chief of all thy band,
One—altogether lovely,
  One—Lord of all the land,
Stands, eager, at the gateway;
  The bridegroom waits his bride;
And resting on His bosom,
  "I shall be satisfied."

JESUS WENT BEFORE.

THEIR faces to Jerusalem
  They stepped with laggard feet
Half-timorous, defiant half,
  At what they went to meet.
But as they rested, or they talked,
  Their sad forebodings o'er,
Still leading on the little band,
  Their Master went before.

He saw in vision maddened throng,
  He saw the crowded hall,
Where scribe and priest should mock and flout,
  Where cruel scourge should fall,

He saw the cross ; its shadows lay
The toilsome pathway o'er,
But, pressing on with ardent soul,
The Master went before.

To-day, Thy pledged disciples, Lord,
Meet sorrow, pain, and shame,
Their watchword in the trial-time
Thine own all-conquering Name.
Though flesh be weak and spirit faint,
And heart be spent and sore,
They can not fail in any strife
While Thou shalt go before.

In presence of Thy bitter foes,
In midst of dark defeat,
They yet shall snatch a victory
And taste a triumph sweet.
Nor death itself shall crush them, Lord,
Its final conflict o'er
The ransomed hosts shall shout and sing,
"Our Saviour went before!"

THE PRECIOUS TOKEN.

I HAVE something Jesus gave me
For my own!
It is something which He sent me
From His throne.

I do not seek for hidden gold
In earth's ground,
Nor give my wealth to gain the pearl
Which I found.

It is something which I carry
Near my heart;
It is safe till Jesus bids me
From it part.

In itself it has no value
More than tears,
Though I'm weary as I bear it,
I've no fears.

It is precious as a token
From my Lord,
That His heart-thought is as loving
As His word.

Like His presence, it doth bring me
Peace divine;
'Tis His sweet and tender whisper,
"Thou art mine!"

What is the gift I clasp so closely,
Wouldst thou see?
'Tis a cross which Christ, my Master,
Sent to me.

If my human hands had found it,
I should grieve,
But my Jesus laid it on me,
I believe!

Oh, how sweet it is to bear it
As His gift,
While the burden of my treasure
Christ doth lift!

DISCIPLINE.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For "I will make an angel of it,"
Was the sculptor's word.

And soon the mallet and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted high and pure,
The wak'ning eyes outshone,

And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And plume by plume was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools
Forming a work divine.

O hope that crumbles to my feet,
O joys that mocks and flies,
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies.

Sculptor of souls, I lift to Thee
Encumbered hearts and hands;
Spare not the chisel; set me free,
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all the seeming ills
Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
Should only prove that Thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO."

I WILL not let Thee go, Thou Help in time of need!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still,
E'en when it seems as Thou wouldst slay indeed!
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee;
Hide Thou thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!

I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my bliss?
No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,
And I am Thine—
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss;
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with Thy light,
O Thou, my Sun! should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let Thee go!

I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
Not Death can tear
Me from His care,
Who, for my sake, His soul in death outpoured,
Thou died'st for love to me.
I say, in love to Thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my Lord,
I will not let Thee go!

UNITED BY DEATH.

"'TILL Death us part,'
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom!
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

"Life with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and stilt expectant wonder:
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our path asunder.

"*Till Death us join.*
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime.
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

"Death with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever."

THE UNKNOWN FUTURE.

GOD holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
It might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
Rather would I unlock the day,
And as the hours swing open, say,
"Thy will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand—I hear Him say,
"My help is sure."

I can not read His future plan,
But this I know;
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I can not, He can see,
And in His care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

TELL me about the Master!
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west,
But my heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs, like a child's, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish,
Dropped down on Judea's sod,
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs that He freely forgave;
Of His mercy and tender compassion;
Of His love that was mighty to save.
For my heart is aweary, aweary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of the falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong and calm.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

ABOVE the surges' wildest roar,
And mad seas thundering on the shore,
How fixed, how heedless of the shock,
Thy steadfast strength, eternal Rock!
When the fierce tempest round me sweeps,
When sinks my soul in soundless deeps,
O Rock divine, faith clings to Thee,
Still let Thy clefts my refuge be.

Beyond the desert's burning sand,
Thy shadow, in a thirsty land,
Refreshment sweet and verdure brings,
And music of perennial springs.
From noonday drought and smiting heat,
To Thy cool streams direct my feet.
O riven Rock! life flows from Thee,
Thy quenchless fount my portions be.

Beyond the setting of the sun
There's rest in Thee when toil is done.
Beneath Thy shadow falls no night,
Thy clefts are portals to heaven's light.
In life, or death, my soul would fly
To Thee, the Rock that's higher than I.
O Rock! O Christ! how blest to be
O'ershadowed, sheltered, saved by Thee.

SEEING HIM, BUT NOT NOW.

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GOOD-CHEER! O followers of the lonely man of sorrow,
Good-cheer! good-cheer to-night! Thou shalt see Christ to-morrow!
On the strands
Of other lands
Thou shalt see Him, but not now.

But list; oh, list! are works of thine thy heart deceiving?
Stay! dost thou lean alone upon thy Lord believing?
Then never fear
The darkening year
Thou shalt see Him, but not now.

For soon thy feet shall tread where sin no more
shall press thee;
Soon thou shalt kneel in white, and ask thy Christ
to bless thee.
On the shore
Of evermore
Thou shalt see Him, but not now.

Thou shalt see Him coming o'er the mountain at
the morn,
Thou shalt hear Him brush the dewy fountain of
the dawn.
At the waking
Of day breaking
Thou shalt see Him, but not now.

OUR ANGELS.

OH, not with any sound they come, or sign,
Which fleshly ear or eye can recognize;
No curiosity can compass or surprise
The secret of that intercourse divine
Which God permits, ordains, across the line—
The changeless line which bars
Our earth from other stars.

But they do come and go continually,
Our blessed angels, no less ours than His—
The blessed angels whom we think we miss,

Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
And vainly watch, as once in Galilee
One weeping, watched in vain
Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find,
All unaware, a deep, mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence;
When suddenly we see, where we were blind;
Where we had struggled, are content, resigned;
Are strong where we were weak—
And no more strive or seek—

Then we may know that from the far, glad skies,
To note our need, the watchful God has bent,
And for our instant help has called and sent,
Of all our loving angels, the most wise
And tender one, to point to us where lies
The path that will be best—
The path of peace and rest.

CARCASSONNE.

"HOW old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long.
Yet, patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen—
It almost seems a wrong;

A dream I had when life was new—
Alas, our dreams! they come not true—
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city—Carcassonne!

"One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue,
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—
I do not mind the road's fatigues—
Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home.
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up, like those of Rome!
The Bishop the procession leads,
And generals curb their prancing steeds,
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

"Our vicar's right; he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, "Oh, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart
Against ambition's snare!"

Perhaps in Autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne!

"My God and Father! pardon me,
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope, more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends.
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne;
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne!
But I have not seen Carcassonne!"

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half-dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me,
To-morrow then thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church-bell's low and solemn toll,
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

CARCASSONNE.

"I NEVER shall see Carcassonne!"
So sang I once, when I had learned
From other lips those plaintive words,
And for a glimpse of it I yearned.

But now, behold, I tread its streets,
And see its airy towers of stone;
More favored than that poet sad,
I am at last in Carcassonne!

From Leman's clear and placid lake,
Along the blue and rapid Rhone,
Across the fields of fair Provence,
With figs and olives overgrown—
The land of troubadours and song,
The land of pleasure and of sun,
The land of wine and vintage dance—
'Twas thus I came to Carcassonne.

Visions of wonder and romance!
Upon a rock above the plain
Rise walls and towers of other days,
That once defied the foes from Spain;
And then afar with purple peaks,
And others white as Patmos throne,
There stretch the mighty Pyrenees!—
'Tis this I see at Carcassonne.

Beneath these gates the years roll back
To when the dying royal saint
By distant Nile was wont to dream
Of this, his home beloved and quaint.
The present age is all forgot—
All it has taught and it has done;

We live in ages of romance
Before the walls of Carcassonne.

The bard who taught us this refrain
Said well, Each has his Carcassonne—
Some scene or bliss of which he dreams,
And which he fain would make his own;
But then he errs to say it's vain
To look for joy beneath the sun,
To tell us that few mortal men
Do ever see their Carcassonne.

Oh, no! this life is sad indeed
To most of those who run its race;
And yet, upon each weary path
There somewhere is a sun-lit place;
The Father fond who shapes our lot
Does not so far forget His own,
But that for each some dream is met,
And each one sees some Carcassonne!

FROM MY WINDOW.

OH, peaceful, sun-lit meadows,
Broad and still;
Oh, forest deeps, whose shadows
Crown the hill;

I never more shall see
Thy wild flowers bloom,
My life must henceforth be
Within this room.

Yet will I murmur not,
Since Christ hath given
In this dear, hallowed spot
A glimpse of heaven.
And I have learned, though lonely
My estate,
"They also serve who only
Stand and wait."

To fairer hills I lift
My grateful eyes,
And claim His daily gift
Of new supplies.
Each morning brings its fullness
Born anew,
With evening comes the coolness
And the dew.

His love like noonday glory
Nothing mars;
At night I read His story
In the stars.
In ease, my spirit soaring,
Joyous sings;
In pain—'tis but the lowering
Of His wings.

Then shall I weep, or sigh
For earthly good?
There is, with Jesus by,
No solitude.
The helps this world affords
Are not divine;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord;
Thy will is mine.

SUBMISSION.

DEAR Lord of life and death,
To Thee I bow,
And with each conscious breath
Would trust Thee now.

Strange shadows cloud my way,
I can not see;
I look above and say,
"He leadeth me."

And if I can not feel
Thy presence near,
Let faith to me reveal
The knowledge clear.

'Tis better far to prove
In sorrow's night
The fullness of Thy love,
Its gentle might,

Than in unbroken day,
'Neath cloudless sky,
To lose the faith-lit way
That brings Thee nigh.

I do not understand,
Nor need to try;
Do Thou but hold my hand
Till by and by.

Life's mystic path shall cease
At Heaven's door,
And I, in perfect peace,
Rest evermore.

MY PART.

THAT God hath need of even me, I know.
Afar He plans His palaces, that rise
In stately splendor to the shining skies,
And day by day, more grand, more perfect grow;
While I, in life's dark quarries, toiling slow,
Hew the unshapely stones, that yet no guise
Of beauty wear to my dim, weary eyes—
'Neath my rude touch, no grace or glory show.
Elsewhere, shall hands more skillful carve and gild

My rough-hewn blocks, till they are meet to be
A part of those bright walls that He doth build.
Therefore, O soul, be all thy murmurs stilled—
A place to work for Him, He giveth thee,
And to thy poor toil, immortality.

COMPLETE.

NOT here—like some fair thing some artist's fingers
Have fashioned to the form his thoughts had planned,
And over which, complete, he fondly lingers—
Shall we perfected stand.

Before our souls some grand ideal raising,
We think its outlines fair to make our own;
Yet our poor lives the pattern feebly tracing,
Resemblance faint have shown.

And, oh, to touch its shades of deepest feeling
Our shrinking spirits dare not yet essay,
E'en though before the Master's feet low kneeling
For help divine we pray.

And ever though we long so for completeness,
For grace and strength to do the things we would,
We fail to find within a perfect meetness
For aught that's great or good.

We stretch brave hands, aye, but we fold them
weakly;
Though seeming near, beyond our reach still
lies
The thing we scarce can view with hearts bowed
meekly—
Hope's far-off, longed-for prize.

Like a caged bird its wires all vainly beating,
Is our poor will that struggles to be free;
Or with its swift tides swelling and retreating—
The restless, bounded sea.

But, oh, these powers, God-given and immortal,
With our weak efforts soon will end their strife,
When we have passed within the pearly portal
That guards eternal life.

Aye, gathered safe within our Father's dwelling,
With every gift for fullest service meet,
And our glad songs the Saviour's praises swelling,
In Him we'll stand complete.

"*SUP WITH ME.*"

AND wilt Thou sup with me? My morsel hard,
My cup so bitter, that my hand would fain
Put it aside untasted; wilt Thou come
Into this lonely dwelling of my heart,

Whence earthly peace and joy have taken flight
And left it desolate? Then come, sweet Guest!
There's room for Thee, for there are none beside:
And if the dwelling be not swept so clean,
Nor garnished as I fain would have it, Lord,
Do Thou forgive. And while Thou dwell'st with me,
Meeten, and purify, and fit my soul
(E'en if with trouble, so it be Thy will),
To dwell in light hereafter, in that home
Where those Thou lovest shall sit down with Thee.

A LIFE SONG.

AS God leads me will I go,
Nor choose my way;
Let Him choose the joy or woe
Of every day;
They can not hurt my soul,
Because in His control;
I leave to Him the whole—
His children may.

As God leads me, I am still
Within His hand;
Though His purpose my self-will
Doth oft withstand,

Yet I wish that none
But His will be done,
Till the end be won,
  That He hath planned.

As God leads me I am content;
  He will take care,
All things by His will are sent
  That I must bear.
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes while I'm here;
The way will all seem clear
  When I am there!

As God leads me, it is mine
  To follow Him;
Soon all shall wonderfully shine,
  Which now seems dim.
Fulfilled be His decree!
What He shall choose for me,
That shall my portion be
  Up to the brim!

As God leads me, so my heart
  In faith shall rest,
Nor grief, nor fear, my soul shall part
  From Jesus' breast.
In sweet belief I know
What way my life doth go,
Since God permitteth so,
  That must be best.

A "CASTLE IN THE AIR."

I HAVE a castle in the air,
Superbly and divinely fair,
Whose tintings ne'er will fade;
And not a cloud that sweeps the sky
Can hide its brightness from my eye,
Or round it throw a shade.

Its splendor mingles with my dreams,
And in my waking hours it seems
Most glorious of all;
Beyond the gleam of sun and star,
It shines in radiance afar,
Girt by a jeweled wall.

It is no youth-begilded thing,
Or phantom brief and vanishing,
Wrought out of filmy fires;
'Tis not a mirage beautiful,
Of stately palms and waters cool,
And golden glinting spires.

I have so many treasures rare
Within this castle in the air,
I can not count them o'er;
Dear hopes that strangely went astray,
And joys that somehow slipped away,
The castle holds in store.

And though long spaces intervene,
I see from round about it lean
  A song-enraptured host;
And many a face that I have kissed,
Peers through the ether's amethyst
  For my belated ghost.

My castle—do you guess its name?—
Is lighted by the throne's white flame;
  If I could speak in seven
Inspired tongues, it should suffice
That angels call it "Paradise,"
  And mortals name it "heaven!"

MISTAKES.

VOUCHSAFE to keep me this day without sin!
  Yea, Lord! from danger, too, for Christ's dear sake!
Yet more I ask, for more Thy help would win!
  In Thy deep pity, keep me from mistake!

Mistakes of judgment! when no light I see,
  Yet in my blindness fain would do my best;
When to life's problem I can find no key,
  And grope in darkness, with a weight oppressed!

Mistakes of loving! when my heart leaps forth
To answer heart that faithful seems, and true;
Then learn that hope of gain marks friendship's worth,
That love unselfish is the gift of few!

Mistakes in guiding others on through way
Which shining looks, and leads to sunny height,
Only to lose ourselves at close of day,
And wander in dense woods, through dangerous night.

Yet teach me, Lord! that if with purpose true,
With unperverted will, I firmly make
My choice—that is the best that I could do,
And Thou didst mean that I should oft mistake!

Thus through my failures lead to sure success,
Through falls to stand on ground that never quakes,
Through error learn Thy strength, my feebleness,
Climb nearer heaven by means of my mistakes!

GIFTS.

WHAT shall I give to Thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood;
Their ashes strewed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed Thy coming day.

We offer Thee nor life nor death;
Our gifts to man we give;
Dear Lord, on this Thy day of birth
Oh, what dost Thou receive?

Thou knowest of sweet and precious things
My store is scant and small;
Yet wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all!

Show me Thyself in flesh once more;
Thy feast I long to spread;
To bring the water for Thy feet,
The ointment for Thy head.

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see,
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto me."

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

THEY have no care:
They bend their heads before the storm,

And rise to meet the sunshine warm,
And dance responsive to the breeze,
And nestle underneath the trees,
And take whatever life shall bring
As gayly as the birds that sing.

They do not toil:
Content with their allotted task
They do but grow, they do not ask
A richer lot, a higher sphere,
But in their loveliness appear,
And grow and smile, and do their best,
And unto God they leave the rest.

They have no sin:
Their pure, sweet faces they upraise;
And shrink not from the sun's bright gaze.
And if the earth should soil, the rain
Comes down to make them clean again,
And scented, beautiful and white,
They live their lives in God's dear sight.

They weep no tears:
No shadow dims their happiness,
They do but live the world to bless;
Enough have they of cloth of gold,
They lift the cups the dew to hold,
About them are the light and song,
And they are glad the whole day long.

God cares for them:
His love is over every one,
He wills their good, His will be done!
He does neglect no single flower,
He makes them rich with sun and shower,
Their song of trust is sweet and clear—
And He that hath an ear may hear.

WAITING AND TRUSTING.

THE days drag wearily on,
  Nothing is right;
At evening, I wish for dawn—
  At dawn, for the night.
For the day might come bringing to me
  Some token for good,
And at night I might satisfied be
  That He understood.

It seems so little to crave—
  It must be right;
So, in the dark I am brave,
  And wait for the light.
Such infinite fullness lies
  Within His hand,
He will give the desire of mine eyes—
  He must understand.

But the days still come and go,
  And still I wait;

My blessing will come, I know,
Come early or late.
Hands are not lifted in vain
For Him to fill,
I will lift mine, oh, once and again,
And trust Him still.

But should they falter and fail
Empty, at last,
It will be when fingers pale
And cold hold them fast,
For a moment only; and then
Glad and elate,
I shall never be sorry again
That He bade me wait.

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

FAR down the ages
Perfume rich and rare,
Borne upon the breezes,
Filling all the air.
Not from groves of orange,
Beds of spices sweet;
But from love's anointing
Of the Saviour's feet.

Selfish spirits murmur;
"Wherefore is this waste?

Wherefore yield your treasure
To a rich man's guest?
There are those around you
Needing it far more;
Why not rather aid them
With your fragrant store!"

But the Lord accepts it;
Only He can know
How her heart is breaking
Something to bestow
On the Friend who loved her,
Gave her soul relief
As she knelt before Him
Sobbing out her grief.

Nay, it was no impulse
By the moment wrought,
But a mighty purpose
Which occasion sought,
Ere the thorny circlet
Round His brow He bound,
With the oil of gladness
Jesus must be crowned.

Eagerly she seizes
This her golden hour,
All her costly treasure
On her Lord to pour.

Breaks the precious vessel
O'er His blessed head,
Dreams not of the fragrance
By the action shed.

What although her motive
Some misunderstood;
When the Saviour answered
"She did what she could."
Mary learned the secret
At the Master's feet,
Heart to heart responsive,
In communion sweet.

LIFE AND DEATH.

THE DIVINE LIFE.

"Who lived amongst men."—(In the Original Draft of the Nicene Creed—from the Creed of the Church of Palestine.)

WHERE shall we find the Lord?
Where seek his face adored?
Is it apart from men,
In deep sequestered den,
By Jordan's desert flood,
Or mountain solitude,
Or lonely mystic shrine,
That heaven reveals the Life Divine?

Where shall we trace the Lord?
'Twas at the festal board,
Amid the innocent mirth
And hallowed joys of earth,
Close neighbor, side by side,
With bridegroom and with bride,
While flowed the cheering wine,
That first appeared the Life Divine.

What was the blest abode
Where dwelt the Son of God?
Beside the busy shore,
Where thousands pressed the door,
Where town with hamlet vied,
Where eager traffic plied,—
There with his calm design
Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.

What were the souls he sought?
What moved his inmost thought?
The friendless and the poor,
The woes none else could cure,
The grateful sinner's cry,
The heathen's heavenward sigh,—
Each in their lot and line
Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

Where did he rest the while
His most benignant smile?

The little children's charms
That nestled in his arms,
The flowers that round him grew,
The birds that o'er him flew,
Where Nature's sacred sign
To breathe the spell of Love Divine.

Where shall the Lord repose,
When pressed by fears and foes?
Amid the friends he loves,
In Bethany's dear groves,
Or at the parting feast,
Where yearning host and guest
In converse sweet recline,
Is closed in peace the Life Divine.

O Thou who once did come
In holy, happy home,
Teaching and doing good,
To bless our daily food:
Compassionating mind,
That grasped all human kind,
Even now among us shine,
True glory of the Life Divine.

THE PERFECT DEATH.

Disce mori.

Where shall we learn to die?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye

On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,
Where, thro' each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most High,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

When in the olive shade
His long last prayer he prayed,
When on the cross to heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfill
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.

No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves his foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.

Delighting to the last
In memories of the past;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel;

Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Beyond his depths of woes
A wider thought arose,—
Along his path of gloom,
Thought for his country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief,—
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all beside shall die.

Bereft, but not alone,
The world is still his own;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth;
Sure, though in shudd'ring dread,
That all is finished.
With purpose fixed and high
The Friend of all mankind must die.

O! by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word;

By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with thee to die!

TRUST.

"None of them that trust in him shall be desolate."—PSALM xxxiv. 22.

THOUGH the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,
Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell that summer has passed,
My face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,
Glad to receive what God has given,
Whate'er it be.

When I feel the cold I can say, "He sends it,"
And his wind blows blessing I surely know,
For I've never a want but that he attends it,
And my heart beats warm though the winds may blow.

The soft sweet summer was warm and glowing;
Bright were the blossoms on every bough;
I trusted him when the roses were blowing;
I trust him now.

Small were my faith should it weakly falter,
Now that the roses have ceased to blow,
Frail were the trust that now should alter,
Doubting his love when storm clouds grow.
If I trust him once, I must trust him ever,
And his way is best, though I stand or fall,
Through wind and storm, he will leave me never,
He sends it all.

Why should my heart be faint and fearing?
Mighty he rules above the storm,
Even the wintry blast is cheering,
Showing his power to keep me warm.
Never a care on my heart is pressing,
Never a fear can disturb my breast,
Everything that he sends is blessing,
For he knows best.

HEART-CONTENT.

A SIMPLE lesson, hard to learn,
Is this of heart-content—
And yet life's jarring notes, by it,
In harmony are blent.

The grandest symphonies sustain
A tender, inner life—
The strongest souls are those which grow
'Gainst wind, and storm, and strife.

Sometimes a fierce sirocco blows—
Or flaming sun-rays burn—
Dead calms of waiting force the cry,
O wind unpitying, turn!

The daily frets of circumstance—
The hope made desolate—
The obstacles which bar our path—
Bend hearts beneath their weight.

But need and use bring greater strength,
Weak souls fall 'neath despair,
While love, determined will, and faith
Rise up to do and bear.

The subtle, happy art, to win
Some good from all that's sent,
This is the blessed secret of
A quiet heart-content.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

MARK xiii. 33.

COME suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come:
I wait thy will; thy servant ready is:
Thou hast prepared thy follower a home—
The heaven in which thou dwellest, too, is his.

Come in the morn, at noon, or midnight deep;
Come, for thy servant still doth watch and pray;
E'en when the world around is sunk in sleep,
I wake and long to see thy glorious day.

I would not fix the time, the day, nor hour,
When thou, with all thine angels, shalt appear;
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come with power;
E'en now perhaps the promised day is near!

For though in slumber deep the world may lie,
And e'en thy church forget thy great command,
Still year by year thy coming draweth nigh!
And in its power thy kingdom is at hand.

Not in some future world alone 'twill be,
Beyond the grave, beyond the bounds of time;

But on the earth thy glory we shall see,
And share thy triumph, peaceful, pure, sublime.

Lord, help me that I faint not, weary grow,
Nor at thy coming slumber, too, and sleep;
For thou hast promised, and full well I know
Thou wilt to us thy word of promise keep.

MY HEART'S VOICE.

TO my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When life was bright, and hope was strong,
When grief was short, and joy was long,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a song,
A merry song.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When gathering clouds o'ercast the sky,
When joy was far, and grief was nigh,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a sigh,
A heavy sigh.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When earthly pain knew heavenly balm,
When trouble deep knew deeper calm,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a psalm,
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